

# The Saturday Review



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## Notes of the Week

RUMOUR and report have been busy, particularly in Paris, with British and French relations, as a result of the MacDonald interview in the *Quotidien* and of the exchange of letters between the two Premiers this week. But there is nothing in the interview that is new in its statement of the British position, and the letters are described as mere friendly greetings incident on the change of Government. The general situation remains as it was, except that Lord Curzon's sending of Mr. Clive to the Palatinate has been abundantly justified, for it has proved that the Separatist movement there was no more spontaneous than that in the Rhineland. France has been compelled to modify her attitude, and it seems certain that the last has been heard of these preposterous attempts to set up so-called autonomous Governments on the Rhine. Meanwhile, reparations wait on the findings of the expert committees.

### TWO LOYAL UTTERANCES

The Premier and the Secretary of State for the Colonies are to be congratulated on the fine temper in which, the one in a message and the other in a speech, they have dealt with great Imperial issues. We draw attention to them, not because we think them in the least characteristic of their authors, but to place them as conspicuously on record as possible. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's declaration to India that no party in this country can be intimidated by threats or violence will go far towards destroying the extravagant expectations aroused there by the advent to power of a Labour Government. The bloodless revolution, as Mr. Thomas called it at the Australia Day luncheon, has perturbed many people, reasonably and unreasonably; by none, as Mr. Thomas pointed out, has it been taken more calmly than by the King. The fact is worthy of record, but we would stress the reason for it given by Mr. Thomas. According to him, the King has been untroubled because better than anyone else he knows the people. Let us add that it is only a man in the King's position who can know the people as a whole, and view sectional ambitions with perfect disinterestedness.

### CONSERVATIVE ORGANIZATION

We are very glad to see that uncertainty about the leadership of the Conservative Party is not postponing reorganization. Whoever leads, his following will need to be composed of men whose labours are co-ordinated, and Conservatives will do well to imitate the Party now in power in establishing groups of specialists in the House. More nearly affecting the leadership is the proposal, still under consideration, to set up a body, outside the Central Office, to advise the Party on policy. Valuable as such a body may be, however, it is to be hoped that Mr. Baldwin, if he retains the leadership, will not forget that the prime responsibility for policy must be his. It is a bad thing to have given friends the opportunity of saying "We told you so," but it would be worse to resolve thenceforth on meek acceptance of their advice, and self-mistrust is the worst thing any man can learn from his mistakes.

### THE CONSERVATIVE LEADERSHIP

The question which the Conservative Party has to decide on the 11th instant is not who is the ablest and most prudent of its leading members. Opinions might very reasonably differ on that question, whereas there can hardly be any conflict of views as to who divides the Party least. Unless Mr. Baldwin withdraws voluntarily and permanently, no other man can be established in the leadership without disrupting the Party. Endeavours to eject him can only bring over to his side every chivalrous man or woman among his critics. Already we notice signs, among those who were lately sharp-spoken about him, of a revulsion of feeling. A little more generosity would have made the attacks on him far deadlier.

### THE PARTY MEETINGS

Great interest attaches to the forthcoming meetings of the Conservative Party and the Central Unionist Organization, as well as of the Northern Conservatives at the meeting organized by Sir Archibald Salvidge and Lord Derby. We may be quite sure that there will be some very plain speaking and that a strong attack will be directed against the Central Unionist Office. There can be no doubt that a drastic reconstruction of the Conservative machinery throughout the country is required; we have urged this, week

in week out, during the last two years. We hoped that with the advent of Colonel Jackson and Sir Reginald Hall it would have been achieved; but we regret to say that there has been little sign of any intelligent, organized campaign to further the principles of Conservatism, as apart from some immediate party programme, upon the country at large. The Labour Party have made a tremendously effective use of brains; the Conservative Party have consistently wasted and discouraged theirs. The future is with the Party that mobilizes its brain-power.

#### TROUBLE AMONG THE DOCKERS

The nation has emerged from the railway strike only to find itself menaced by a strike of dock labour. This might involve over a million men, of whom nearly half are organized in the National Union of General Workers and nearly a third in the Transport and General Workers' Union. The dispute, which is mainly over the men's demand for 2s. more a day, may or may not be settled without a strike, but conditions will remain unsatisfactory until an end can be made of the demoralizing system of casual dock labour. The position is lamentably paradoxical, for while the demands of the men are excessive, concession to them would not give the average docker enough to live on decently. The crux is, not the rate of daily pay, but enough work during the week.

#### THE END OF THE RAILWAY STRIKE

Were there need of evidence that the railway engineers' strike was inexcusable, it could be found in the terms on which it has been settled. The concessions made to the strikers affect only a small proportion of the men, and in a modest degree; they cannot compensate the men for loss incurred by the strike; and it is well known that they could have been secured without any strike. On obvious and needless public inconvenience caused by the dislocation of traffic we do not dwell. The point is that the principle of arbitration has been violently challenged by the strike, and has not been completely vindicated in the settlement. The authority of the National Wages Board has been diminished, and at a time when any decline in its prestige is peculiarly deplorable.

#### OIL AND TROUBLED WATERS

In no country is oil so "political" as in the United States, and now Washington is seething with excitement over certain oil scandals that are likely to be most injurious to the Republican Party, and may seriously prejudice President Coolidge's candidature for another term. The scandals arise from (1) the alleged transfer, in return for "gifts," of the leases of public oil lands to corporations by Senator Fall, Minister of the Interior under President Harding, and (2) the leasing to speculators of naval oil reserves by Mr. Denby, U.S. Secretary of the Navy—the gentleman who last week busied himself with the bright notion of annexing the Arctic, but seems to have been neglecting, to say the least, a vital interest of the U.S. Navy. There is, of course, nothing amusing about the matter. What the House of Representatives thinks of it is seen in a vote of a hundred thousand dollars for the purposes of a prosecution. In the Senate a resolution calling for the immediate resignation of Mr. Denby is under discussion.

#### OIL AND THE NAVY

It was the patriotism of the late Lord Strathcona which gave the Anglo-Persian Oil Company its start. He consented to finance it when he was assured that its operations would result in supplying the Navy with the oil it needed. The same object induced the British Government of the day to invest so largely in its shares as to acquire a controlling interest. The investment

has proved a good one. There is oil for the Navy, and the shares are valuable commercially. We think, therefore, that the new Government is right in declining to sell the shares, which are really held in trust for the Navy. It is common knowledge that tempting offers were made, but it is perhaps not so well known that their acceptance would have handed over the whole concern to a trust, of whose personnel sixty per cent. was foreign. Where would the Navy have been then? And is it not true that the struggle for oil is not so much a rivalry between great trusts as a struggle between the great nations?

#### NON-CO-OPERATION IN KENYA

Among the Ministers who have given expression to their views on Imperial matters is Mr. Thomas, the new Colonial Secretary. One of these matters is summarized in the word "Kenya"—a bigger matter than it sounds, for it covers the status of Indians in the Union of South Africa as well as Kenya. It will be recalled that some time ago the Kenya question was settled by the Baldwin Government on the basis of a compromise, the main feature of which was the protection of the African natives, while at the same time it granted some of the demands of the white settlers and gave a better status to the Indians. The settlement, which was set forth fully in a White Paper, has just been rejected by an Indian Congress at Mombasa, and a policy of non-co-operation, and all the rest of it, is to be adopted, as in India. Mr. Thomas has said he will uphold the White Paper, and remarked that the protection of the native African was the chief consideration.

#### EGYPT AND THE EMPIRE

After the overwhelming majority obtained by the Zaghlulists in the recent elections, it was inevitable that Zaghlul Pasha should become Prime Minister of Egypt. He has constituted a Ministry which entered on office on Tuesday, and apparently its programme is to be that of the pronouncedly anti-British Wafd organization. That means the "complete independence" of both Egypt and the Sudan, with what provision for the security of the Suez Canal we do not know. In his latest speech Zaghlul professes to entertain great hopes that the new British Government will grant everything for which he asks, but judging from Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's statement on the subject of India, we doubt whether these hopes have any foundation, and believe that Zaghlul, like the Indian extremists, will be "sadly disappointed." The utterances of other Labour Ministers clearly indicate that they understand and will conserve Imperial interests. Egypt is an Imperial interest of the first rank, because of the Canal.

#### THE INDIAN LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY

The new Indian Legislative Assembly has met this week, not, it would appear, to deal with the sober business that should claim its attention, but to debate a series of fantastic and vicious motions brought forward by Swarajists. It is true that these motions are not cordially supported by the general mass of Indian members, but, on the other hand, the elaborate sub-division of the members by Parties and groups is without practical meaning. Moderates and Independents of various kinds in Bengal have gone weakly with Extremists over the critical question of the release of political criminals, and much the same thing will happen often in the Imperial Assembly. Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru cannot be counted upon to check Pundit Motilal Nehru consistently, nor can we safely set off the Extremist Mr. C. R. Das and the mild Sir Sivaswami Ayyar. All these, and Pundit Madan Mohan Malaviya and Mr. Jinnah and Mr. B. C. Pal, are aiming at much the same end, and their disputes as to times and methods do not really facilitate the work of the Government of India.

## MUSSOLINI ON SOCIALISM

Signor Mussolini is following up his remarkable success with Yugo Slavia by offering a loan to Rumania. That country has rejected the French loan, which confirms what we stated in a previous issue of Rumania's movement away from France. It is a triumph for the foreign policy of Mussolini, who has signalized the opening of the electoral campaign in Italy by a characteristic speech in praise of Fascism and in denunciation of Socialism. We wish we could think he is right in saying that Socialism is becoming more and more a spent force in every country, but, apart from there being a Socialist Government for the first time in England, the figures for Europe are against him, if the number of Socialist members of most European Parliaments are compared with the number a few years ago. But we believe he is quite right when he asserts that whether or not the domestic policy of the MacDonald Government is Socialist, its foreign policy is not and will not be so.

## IBN SAUD

A new, interesting, and probably dangerous development in the Arab question is brought about by the death of Ibn Saud, Sultan of Nejd-Hasa, the head of the fanatical Wahabis and by far the greatest of Arab princes, whose fidelity to his pact not to destroy King Hussein of the Hejaz was secured by an annual payment of £60,000 by Britain. The story of how this remarkable man regained the throne of his fathers with a mere handful of horsemen is one of the most heroic in all history. Mr. Philby has told us something of his subsequent career and his growing power in Central Arabia. Long at feud with Hussein, whose pretensions to the leadership of the Arabs he rejected with scorn and contempt, he regarded the British support of that prince, of Feisal in Iraq, and Abdulla in Transjordan, as perfectly inexplicable: but he agreed to hold his hand for British gold. Now that he is gone it looks like a chance for Hussein and the Hashimites generally. What use will they make of it? And what will be the effect on British policy towards the Arabs?

## WOOLWICH AND SANDHURST

The Committee appointed to consider the question of the supply and training of Army Officers made its report to the Army Council last summer, but the document was not published until this week, and then only at the request of certain members of Parliament. The recommendations of the Committee—some of which have already been adopted—seem to us praiseworthy but somewhat inadequate. A higher standard of examination and a wider range of intellectual interest are undeniably necessary if a cleverer class of man is to be attracted to the Army as a profession; but the only way to hold the man of real intellectual ability is to pay more highly the senior ranks of officers, so that they may enjoy the financial comforts in middle age which their talents could win for them in other spheres of enterprise. In the same way, promotion by merit, which the Committee recommends, though difficult is obviously of great importance.

## A MISUSE OF OFFICE

We are sorry, but of course not surprised, that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his friends should make use of their new and influential position to get recognition for certain dubious propagandists whose causes, in so far as they are anti-English, they seem to have inevitably at heart. Whatever may be their reasons for admiring Mr. Morel, we think it a pity, and an unfortunate precedent, that they should in their official capacity write and recommend such a person for the Nobel Peace Prize. He is one of those truculent pacifists who keep humanity perpetually at war.

## IMPERIAL DEFENCELESSNESS

IF brave words are to be relied upon the views of the new Government on the subject of the Empire, as expressed by the Colonial Secretary, Mr. J. H. Thomas, are beyond reproach. We are glad to have the word; but we shall wait for the deed before allowing ourselves to indulge in any undue sense of security. We have heard many rumours as to the new policy of defence; and the publication of the report of the Sub-Committee of the Committee of Imperial Defence comes at a convenient as well as a vital moment. The only questions which the Sub-Committee could usefully have discussed were the autonomy of the Air Force and the influence of air-craft upon warfare. But these questions had already been decided for them and the fact that they were compelled to start from the false premises that the Air Ministry is necessary to the country and that the aeroplane has revolutionized warfare inevitably robbed the inquiry of all its value. It may also explain, though nothing can excuse, the astounding statement that "the conditions of the late war are not necessarily applicable to future wars in view of the potentialities of air-craft." Fortunately, this statement, owing to its entire lack of novelty, is self-furnished with evidence of its falsity.

It may be said with confidence that from the unexpected discomfiture of Goliath down to the present day every novel or improved method of human destruction has inspired contemporary wiseacres with the conviction that the continued existence of their country depended upon a complete readjustment of military ideas. Just prior to the late war persistent efforts were made to convince us that our days as a nation were numbered unless we freed ourselves from the trammels of past experience. Briefly, we were invited to "scrap the lot." For these forebodings there seemed to be some justification. At that time the destroyer was scarcely blooded; the submarine, the Zeppelin, and the military aeroplane were untried; the full potentialities of the mine could only be conjectured, and artillery, both ashore and afloat, had been brought to a state of effectiveness undreamed of in previous conflicts. And then the war came; and for four years, in trenches in that Flanders in which Sir Philip Sydney had died and Uncle Toby caught cold, men fought savagely with bullet, butt and bayonet, with fists and with hand-grenades: the scythe-fringed war chariot reappeared in the guise of the tank, and soldiers and scientists ransacked the museums and libraries of Europe with a view to the rediscovery of the armourer's art. Afloat a parallel situation existed. In action no "great ship" was lost save by gunfire; the destroyer, designed to be the bane of the battleship, was most usefully employed in defeating the submarine which, when compelled to confine her attentions to slow-moving merchant shipping, was thwarted by a system of convoys resembling, in everything but the means of propulsion, that which irritated ungrateful Smyrna traders in the eighteenth century. And in the air the Zeppelin, which was to have laid whole cities waste, was finally restricted to unambitious reconnaissance work while the aeroplane may be said to have found its vocation when, in 1918, it turned its attention from spectacular bombing raids to the primitive and fundamental duty of decimating with bullets the attacking columns of the foe.

The moral is that warfare may be modified but it refuses to be revolutionized, and every new arm is ancillary to and becomes absorbed in the existing fighting machine. Failure to recognize this is due to the tendency to assume that only one side possesses the new weapon or to forget that the law of military material is, like the law of dynamics, one of equal and opposite reaction. Every novel weapon has been and ever will be countered either by the opposition of like to like (as in the case of the aeroplane or the destroyer) or by some special means employed by other



agents as in the case of the submarine. And, assuming that in all arms but one each belligerent is of the same strength, a preponderance in that one arm, be that arm new or old, will ensure victory to the possessor. For this reason we read with apprehension in the Sub-Committee's report that "the liability to sea-borne invasion has considerably diminished." We venture to suggest that it has considerably increased. Before the war we had an overwhelming naval superiority and we were able not only to conjecture with accuracy whence the danger would come but also to feel assured that when it came there would be nothing to prevent the concentration of our best ships in home waters. To-day, on paper at any rate, our superiority is negligible and a war with any naval power but one would entirely denude our harbours of fighting ships. In such an event any near neighbour who deemed the moment propitious to the realization of dreams would command the Narrow Seas. To engage the attention of our Air Force would be simplicity itself and our immunity from invasion would depend, as in Saxon times, upon our ability to oppose the invaders with superior land forces. Warfare has not been revolutionized but it would seem that it has, so far as this country is concerned, completed a revolution.

The SATURDAY REVIEW has long held that both our air arm and our Navy are entirely inadequate to our needs. The Navy, for reasons just indicated, should be at least equal to the combined navies of any two powers. As regards aeroplanes it would seem sufficient for the present that after allowing for oversea demands we should be as strong as the nearest great power. But should the effective range of the aeroplane ever approximate to that of water-borne craft a corresponding increase in the air-arm would be essential. This estimate is not inspired by Chauvinism but is based upon a conviction, which current events in Europe daily confirm, that it is vital to the interests of the Empire and of Civilization that the security of these islands shall never depend upon alliances or upon fortuitous differences between other nations.

We would also re-affirm the view, expressed more than once in these columns, that an autonomous Air Force is a dangerous anomaly, a view which would seem to receive support in all countries where the menace of war is an ever-present reality and the fighting forces are administered by fighting men. The basis of an army is the infantry battalion, the basis of a navy is the capital ship. Every other arm, whether it be the aeroplane or the destroyer, the tank or the submarine, is ancillary to the principal unit and should be an integral part of the force with which it ordinarily co-operates. And we would add that it is idle for a sub-committee of distinguished politicians to bemoan the difficulties in the way of co-ordinating the fighting services when those difficulties have been deliberately and wantonly increased by the creation of a superfluous ministry.

It is probably the Navy which will suffer most from our adoption of the universally-discredited "three-force" system. That the Senior Service should be the favourite target of the economist, that England should dismantle her Navy as soon as it had proved its worth, was inevitable as the succession of night to day. But neither the demands of economy nor the exigencies of the international situation can be made the excuse for the further emasculation of our fleet by the detachment of a vital arm; and the fact that despite the loud-voiced protests of the Press this pernicious proposal has not been abandoned compels us reluctantly to record our suspicion that vested interests are being served, that the Navy has become the pawn of the politician and Imperial Defence the plaything of pinchbeck Carnots.

¶ The Index to Volume 136 of the SATURDAY REVIEW is now on sale, price 6d. Subscribers to that volume may obtain it free on application to the Publishers, 9 King Street, W.C.2.

## BOLSHEVISM AND FASCISM

By DR. ARTHUR SHADWELL

A YOUNG friend, who is being pressed to join the British Fascisti, has written to ask my advice. I know nothing about this organization, except what may be learnt from its printed leaflets; but I know enough about Bolshevism and Italian Fascismo to be able to form a decided opinion about the advisability of adopting Fascismo here. It is a mistake, like the Bolshevism which it is intended to combat. Movements and institutions, transplanted bodily from other countries, never flourish here because the soil does not suit them. There are always impetuous persons of imitative mind who want to set up here something that they know of—but do not know much of—in some other country. They are too eager to be good judges of evidence and are prone to over-estimate the merits of the particular institution they advocate; and they are not good enough observers to see differences as well as resemblances in the conditions of the two countries. Consequently they make a double mistake and either fail altogether, as in the Prohibition Campaign, or set up something which does not answer expectations, like the Health Insurance scheme, which was copied wholesale from Germany by Mr. Lloyd George, who knew nothing about it but what he was told. I do not mean to say that we should never learn anything from our neighbours, but even sound ideas or institutions, when transplanted into other circumstances, need some adaptation and adjustment to make them fit. Here they generally need a good deal, for we are a highly original people with a well-earned reputation for peculiarity and less disposed to imitation than most others.

For these reasons, though not for these alone, the attempt to imitate the Italian Fascist organization is a mistake; and that it is so will be as plainly apparent in due course as the mistake made in 1917, when a number of excited persons, including members of the present Labour Administration, assembled in Leeds to hail with unbounded enthusiasm Kerensky and the first Russian Revolution, and resolved forthwith to set up Soviets here. I pointed out at the time of this folly that we had no room and no use for Soviets here and that nothing would come of them. Nothing did; and in a short time poor Kerensky, who had been acclaimed a hero, was flung aside, like an old clout, in favour of the Bolsheviks. To call a man a Kerensky is now a mode of expressing contempt among those who acclaimed him then. Some of them learnt caution from the fiasco and were not so ready to embrace Bolshevism when it came, but others played the same foolish game again and tried to transplant it on to British soil. They have made many attempts since the war and are trying still. It is against them that the British Fascisti are organizing in anticipation of further and more serious attempts. I do not say that their fears are unfounded and that Bolshevism is all a bogey. On the contrary, it is a very active and pertinacious force, widespread if not numerous, and it will certainly make further attempts to upset public order, possibly in more favourable circumstances than on previous occasions. What I do say is that this form of organization is not the right way to meet whatever danger there may be. It is not the British way and will not appeal to the British, or at any rate the English, temperament. We can meet an imitation of Russian methods here in our own way much better than by an imitation of Italian counter-methods. This implies no reflection on the Italian Fascisti. Italy is a much more revolutionary soil than our own, and Bolshevism was far more successful there. It was not merely a menace or possible danger but an actual eruption of violence in highly inflammable surroundings. Strong and quick action was needed to check it and the orderly elements had to help themselves first and make their action constitutional afterwards. Here the conditions are different. It may become necessary



to do something to maintain public order and supplement the standing means; but it must be done in an orderly way under proper authority, not by any irresponsible self-constituted body, however good their intentions. This is always desirable, but there are reasons why it is particularly so, at the present juncture.

An opportunity for disorder will occur at the next General Election and advantage will be taken of it, as I have pointed out in the letter to which reference was recently made in the SATURDAY REVIEW. No attempt has been made to controvert my diagnosis and I have privately received full confirmation of its accuracy from a particularly competent trade union source. The occasion will be exceptional in many respects. The Labour Party will be in office—for the notion that the Liberals will succeed them is all moonshine—and they will throw their utmost strength into the effort to secure a majority which would give them power as well as office. It is what they are looking to now. The present Administration, which is only a stop-gap, will be conducted with a view to it. The problem is to secure more support from the electorate at large by studied moderation while not losing, through timidity or weakness, any of that already gained. It will be a most difficult task to tread that razor edge. If they fail they will put the responsibility on their opponents, as several members of the party have publicly declared in anticipation, and the electoral campaign will assume a very heated character. The air will be full of electricity and the Bolsheviks are bound to make the most of it. They have been repeatedly baulked in the industrial field and if they fail to utilize such a grand political opportunity they may as well shut up shop altogether. They gave a little exhibition in certain constituencies last time, but that was mere practice. It is nothing to what they can do when they mean business.

And there are some other considerations. The Communist Party here, who form the core of the revolutionary forces, are affiliated to the Moscow International and bound to follow its orders. More than that, we shall then have here a Moscow agent, ceremoniously installed with his staff, whose main task it will be to promote revolution under cover of ambassadorial privilege; and he will have plenty of money for the purpose. The Moscow Government has never abandoned the aim of exciting world-revolution and putting other countries in the same position as Russia. All protestations and promises to the contrary are quite worthless and part of the game, in which everything is lawful that assists the cause. Mr. MacDonald at least has no illusions on the subject. Nor are the forces at their disposal in this country limited to the Communist Party, which is but a small though very active body. There are considerable numbers of Left Wing trade unionists and Socialists who would join them, more particularly now that industrial conflict is cropping up again. There are Irish Republicans, who have neither ceased to exist nor given up their faith because little is heard of them; and there are all the standing hosts of disorder—loafers, hooligans and criminals, who always join in adventures of this kind.

Now it may be said that all this is an argument for the Fascist organization, in order to combat the danger; but that would be a wrong reading of the situation. The Fascist movement is much more likely to increase the danger than to combat it effectually; for this reason. The Labour Party, as at present directed, is determined to adhere to constitutional lines, because the men who control it know perfectly well that no other policy has any chance of lasting success in this country. They aspire to be equal to any other statesmen in this respect and superior in other respects. But they have a restive team to drive in Parliament and a larger section of their followers outside is still more restive. It would not take a great deal to swing the balance over for a time; a provocative challenge might do it. And such an organization as the

Fascisti would be an excuse for the Left Wing to take the law into their own hands. With a Labour Government in office and consequently in command of the police and the military, the wise as well as the honourable policy is to encourage and help it to maintain the constitutional course by strictly constitutional action. To step out of it would be to play into the hands of the Left Wing, and so to precipitate trouble.

## MONTES PARTURIUNT

By W. G. CONSTABLE

Royal Academy of Arts. Exhibition of works by Swedish Artists.

**R**UMOUR was that Zorn and Larsson, the most familiar names in Swedish art, were but outliers of a great national school. Unless the exhibition at Burlington House much misrepresents the matter, we are now nearer the truth; that history has repeated itself, and that Swedish painting at the end of the nineteenth century is just as much a medley of ideas and methods derived from France and England as it was in the eighteenth century. Then, Gustav Lundberg and Alexander Roslin aped the French rococo; Lavreince and Hall were adept pupils of the French miniaturists; Elias Martin followed (at a respectful distance) Gainsborough; Karl Friedrich von Breda imported the gospel according to Sir Joshua; Wertmüller ushered in the imitation of David and Ingres. So in modern times. Hardly a picture but provokes reminiscences of this or that painter, this or that artistic fashion, of Western Europe. Of an older generation, Wahlberg and Salmson gathered crumbs from a Barbizon table; Baron Cederström sauced the plein-air realism of Bastien-Lepage with the melodrama of Meissonier, and Hugo Birger with a touch of Alfred Stevens's dainty intimacy. Impressionism found a following in the early work of Nordström, in Zorn, and spasmodically elsewhere; though it was the phases of that movement inspired by Spanish and Oriental art, offering more scope for individual expression, which won greater favour. Liljefors and Fjaested sought help from Japan; Whistler and the decorative landscape painters went to make Jansson and Prince Eugen; Cottet and Lucien Simon have a disciple in Wilhelmson; on the younger men, Van Gogh and Gauguin have had their influence. In short, the main material of what has been called "the second golden age of Swedish painting" has been the successive fashions of the Paris Salon.

Therein lies a fundamental weakness. The history of art is often a dangerous guide to its practice; but at least it teaches the lesson that eclecticism has never yet produced a great art. When Lomazzo suggested as perfection a painting of the Garden of Eden, with an Adam drawn by Michelangelo and coloured by Titian, and an Eve drawn by Raphael and coloured by Correggio, he forgot the compromises bred by a committee. Every great master has borrowed from his predecessors; but the borrowings have been fused and remoulded in the fire of his own personality. The Swedish painters repeat their lessons glibly enough, yet give the general impression of painstaking students, ambitious beyond their powers. Even Larsson is a case in point. A talent for pretty, rather finikin drawing, and a taste for gay colour, made him a charming illustrator on a small scale. But the big decorative canvas, 'Catching Crayfish,' is merely an enlarged plate from a book, which misses the big sweep of the true mural decorator, a Veronese or a Puvis de Chavannes; and a portrait such as the 'Ernest Thiel,' with its combination of linear emphasis and solid modelling, sets two conventions at war.

Despite their eclecticism, however, these Swedish painters have the character of a school, by virtue of a certain kind of craftsmanship. Therein, Zorn is pre-eminent. His nude figures in sunlight reveal his dexterity; but at their worst they have the vulgarity

of coloured photographs, and at their best are sentimental realism. Accuracy of observation and power to reproduce are poor substitutes for imagination. Fortunately, some of Zorn's contemporaries share his special talent, and turn it to more refined uses. For example, Carl Wilhelmson, in his treatment of reflections, displays the same photographic powers that made Thaulow popular, and gives some resonance to his colour; and Richard Bergh, when he abandons the vapid romanticism of his 'Knight and Maiden,' can hit off such a vigorous likeness as the 'August Strindberg.' These mimetic powers may account for the comparative superiority in Sweden of landscape painting over portraiture. A simple transcript of nature may arouse the pleasures of association; but it needs imagination to turn a portrait into a work of art. Unfortunately, the gift which won a modest success has too often been abandoned in Sweden for the decorative conventions of the scene painter, as in Jansson and his like.

Among the portrait painters, however, is one considerable figure, Ernst Josephson. His imitations of the Spanish manner are for the most part negligible; but in the 'Portrait of G. Renholm' he has added something of his own to material taken from Velasquez, and given his sitter life and individuality. By his side may stand Bruno Liljefors. The 'Hare in Winter' and 'Swans in a Breeze' are accomplished pieces of cinematography, wherein are seen the profound and acute observation of animal life which is the basis of his art. His material is sometimes turned, as in the 'Fox Family,' to delicately executed and pleasantly sentimental uses, which recall mid-Victorian 'Birds' Nests with Eggs.' Elsewhere, under stimulus from Japan, he shows power to strike out a bold design in sombre harmonies of colour. His art may not stir the pulse, but it hangs well on a wall. Unlike his contemporaries, Liljefors has studied and worked in Sweden only. In him, at least, there is the germ of something truly national.

## CONVERSATION IN WIGMORE STREET

By DYNELEY HUSSEY

THERE were three of us—Dr. Cerebos Salt, Miss Paprika Heinz and myself—and, in the intervals of listening to Mlle. Suzanne de Livet's delightful singing, we were speaking of Furtwängler and his conducting of the Philharmonic concert on the previous night.

"What's he like to look at?" asked Miss Heinz, who had not been there. "Tall and upright, with reddish hair—not so red as yours—and he moves with little nervous gestures, which are sometimes so slight that you wonder the orchestra can possibly follow his beat. But he has personality, and gets what he wants. At the same time there is something dreamy in his nature, which results in a lack of real fire. He manages to stoke it up artificially at times." "Yes," said Dr. Salt, "the second 'Don Juan' theme, which you know is marked *sehr energisch*, hadn't half enough punch in it." "You mean the theme for four horns? Yet I've never heard Donna Anna's surrender sound so beautiful. I've always disliked that snivelling oboe. But last night Léon Goossens wove . . . ." "I know what you're going to say," interrupted Miss Heinz. "You're going to tell us about the texture of the music and call the oboe tune 'a thread.'"

"But his Brahms . . . ." I went on. Mlle. de Livet, however, began to sing 'Sally in our Alley,' and we had to leave Brahms. "What are you writing?" Dr. Salt asked me. I told him: "I have written: 'Pretty voice; rhythm; charm.'" "You might add: 'Diction.' One can accept 'wiz' for 'with' from so delightful a person. But, about Furtwängler's Brahms—I thought it magnificent." "Magnificent, perhaps," I said. "But hardly Brahms. For

one thing, he poked holes in it—I mean that when he came to a silent beat, he sometimes prolonged it and made a pause. That may have dramatized the music; but it spoilt the rhythm. This young lady makes no holes in her songs. Then, again, on at least two occasions, he began to slacken the *tempo* in preparation for a slower section many bars before the usual places." "That 'usual' gives you away," said Miss Heinz, who does not believe in tradition. "You're a pedant!" "Not at all. My objection is that the slowing-down destroyed the flow of the music. It lost impetus, that strong undercurrent which surges along inexplicably when the right *tempo* is being maintained. And those *pizzicato* passages in the introduction to the last movement, which are marked *piano*—why should they have been fined down to an almost inaudible *pianissimo*? Brahms is no son of Agag, treading delicately like a Mendelssohnian fairy."

"All the same," said Dr. Salt. "Furtwängler has a grasp of the architecture. Nikisch thrilled one by his treatment of detail, by his marvellous improvisations, and in spite of Brahms. You see, interpretation, like music itself, is always changing. Nikisch got away from the old traditional attitude of prostration before great names. Furtwängler returns to the reverence, without abandoning his upright posture. Think of the thrilling way he speeded up the first statement of the *chorale* tune in the last movement! It was quite unorthodox . . . ." "Quite," I said. "It was what I liked least in the performance. It isn't out of pedantry, Miss Heinz. I have called the whole interpretation dramatic; that, I would call theatrical. But there's another reason. The slow *tempo* at the beginning of the tune destroyed the effect of its return, when it is marked *largamente*, because it had already been given the broad treatment which should have been reserved for this second statement of it. It is, surely, an axiom of interpretation, that you must not anticipate your effects or your climaxes. Much as I admired Furtwängler's conducting, I prefer Goossens's reading of that Symphony." "Yes, there's more of Brahms in that, but so much less individuality." "Perhaps it is that with works we know well, we have each of us our own preconceived notions of how they should sound; and it is difficult to set aside prejudice, when the interpreter has other ideas." "Very true," said Dr. Salt, who is himself a distinguished conductor. "For example, I do not like Landon Ronald's performance of Elgar's Second Symphony, which you and other critics have praised so highly. It seemed to me coarse and unbalanced; but then that is probably because I have a different view of the work." "Ah!" I said. "That touches the very spot, which is sore in my mind at the moment. Here is Ernest Newman saying exactly the same sort of thing about Goossens's performance of the A flat Symphony the other day. He says it is the worst, except Damrosch's, he has ever heard. It shakes one's confidence to find a man, who knows his Elgar so thoroughly, in such total disagreement with one's own judgment. Is it that Newman knows his Elgar too well, loves him too much; and cannot accept any version but the one which is in his own mind? One is rarely satisfied with even the finest performance of works one knows very thoroughly. Or, rather, we cling to the interpretation, which originally revealed to us their full beauty. I have never been really happy at any performance of Franck's Symphony since the one which Beecham gave, years ago."

"It's just like one's first love, in fact," said Miss Heinz pensively; and we waited to hear if she was going to shed a new light on the subject of our discussion from the lamp of experience. However, she thought better of that, for she continued: "But Mr. Newman brings definite charges against Goossens on questions of fact." "I know, I know. It is very disturbing—from him," I said. "But what, in the end, are facts where music is concerned? Apart from the mere play-



ing of the right notes, everything is relative—*tempo*, phrasing, dynamics, even the balance of notes in a chord. You know that, under Coates and Koussevitzky, the first bars of Scriabin's 'Prometheus' sound entirely different, simply because they alter the strength of the ingredients. You cannot say that either is right or wrong. Yet they cannot both be giving us what Scriabin intended."

At this point Mlle. de Livet interrupted us with an old song, which began: "Las! si j'avais pouvoir d'oublier!" And the sweet sound poured into our ears like the very waters of oblivion, so that we thought no more, for the moment, about Brahms and Furtwängler and Newman and the Elgar Symphonies.

## AND STILL MORE BARRIE

By IVOR BROWN

*Alice Sit-by-the-Fire.* By J. M. Barrie. The Comedy Theatre.

THE London stage is fast bound in the tentacles of Thrums. At the end of last week there were four long Barrie plays and one short (all revivals) occupying West End theatres. There was rumour of another to come. Dramatists with plays in their pockets must have been crying out against monopoly. The little man seems to bestride our narrow stage like a Colossus, proving once more that Scotsmen "tak' a' they can get and a little more if they can." There has been nothing like this vogue since the Somerset Maugham boom, when that author's epigrams suddenly took the town and were rained, like pepper, from half-a-dozen stages.

I once heard Barrie called the Lloyd George of the theatre; the speaker was no lover of Mr. Lloyd George. It may seem ridiculous to compare the secretive hermit of Adelphi Terrace with the politician who has least of all been willing to absent him from publicity awhile. But the parallel has some pith. They are both, to the Englishman, Celts and conquerors. Of both it is true that one never knows which way they will jump; yet one is pretty sure that they will land on their feet with equal certitude. Both might have been great nationalists but they have come down from their native mountains to rule the peoples of the plain; the Scot is something larger than a repertory dramatist as the Welshman is something larger than a chapel-preacher. "All good things come from the heart." "But they must go round by the head," added Lord Morley with characteristic sagacity. Both our dramatist and our politician have reduced that circular journey to the barest limit. They prefer tugging at heart-strings to prodding intellects; and who shall deny this practice to be profitable?

Just as there have been times when Mr. Lloyd George seemed to be of no party but his own, so Barrie is always impossible to "place." Some of the books written about the modern theatre pass him over with a tolerant smile or even with a frosty silence. To the people who like shepherding our dramatists into pens, he is the elusive member of the flock. Place him on the fantastic fringe of romanticism and he suddenly turns back into some Scottish parlour and writes the realists off the stage. Complain that he is always putting salt on fairies' tails and he retorts by putting such Attic salt into his dialogue as compels full critical remorse. Imagine that you have really caught him tumbling into the profoundest slime of the sentimental and in a trice he has slipped through your fingers and is doubling back on to the peaks of tragedy. The central situation of 'Alice Sit-by-the-Fire' is pure domestic tragedy, yet the play is mainly a farce, a burlesque, a romp. Playwrights of this kind leave the zealot of classification stupidly fumbling with his labels. Nor can the critic be satisfied to sneer at Barrie as a mere wizard of the box-office, making fairyland safe for suburbia. You may flee in utter tedium from the elfin gambols of Lady Babbie and the dulcet dithering of her Little Minister, but you run straight into the arms of the Elders of Thrums; and these are granite. In

Barrie there is always greatness round the corner. Fairies, farce, fantasy, burlesque, comedy of true character, all are packed into our Peter Pantechnicon as every kind of -ism has at one time or another been discovered in the political luggage of the conqueror from Criccieth.

But in Barrie there are two distinguishing qualities that have made him our most popular dramatist. The British theatre is very largely a middle-class institution and Barrie has a perfect understanding of the middle-class mind. Thus Shaw, who has a cosmic reach for his plays, only inhabits an occasional corner of the ordinary British stage, whereas Barrie, whose international reputation is not a quarter as great, easily dominates our theatres that have to pay their way. In the second place Barrie is unrivalled for gentleness and we live in an age of gentle readers and gentle play-goers; it is unthinkable that any modern should roast his contemporaries on the blaze of satire that Pope fanned and fed. Slashing criticism is rare to the verge of extinction. When the gallery first-nighters raise a mild moan of protest at the close of some imbecile play, people deplore their increasing paucity of manners as though play-houses had not long been in this country, and still are in Central Europe, homes of riot and unrest. In a world of gentle judgments Barrie plies his gentle fun, teaching without the rod, and operating on the bruised tissues of the world without application of gleaming knives; he is the manipulative surgeon of distress and this is the day of gentle healing.

'Alice Sit-by-the-Fire' has not been a favourite member of the oft-acted series, and that perhaps is why I, who am not of the strict sect of Barrieolatry, like it as well as any. I believe in the home-coming of the Anglo-Indian couple and in the nervous frigidity of their children's welcome; I believe in the tragic potentialities of the situation when Alice Gray, once Simla's queen of revels, finds herself a fireside dame, too old at forty. If I do not for a moment believe that this particular lady would have accepted that situation, that does not prevent me from admiring Barrie's approach to and articulation of her despair. Her valedictory to youth is superb—or was it merely that Miss Marie Tempest made it so? At any rate this play drives into the very roots of hearth-rug tragedy, and though three-quarters of it is a divagation into burlesque of the "triangle" drama in which all the angles are obtuse, yet the resignation of Simla's deposed sovereign is a picture complete in itself and completely moving.

As Alice Miss Tempest has at last a part worth playing and her passage from the raillery of the burlesque to the tragedy of resignation was faultless in its subtlety of tone. She had not, I think, the motherly sweep of Miss Ellen Terry, whom I faintly remember as the original; but she had so lively a sense of the world that one imagined more easily those goings-on in Simla. Mr. Herbert Marshall affected a pleasant state of puzzlement in the somewhat dreary part of Stephen and Miss Elizabeth Irving and Miss Peggy Rush were admirable as the stage-struck maidens. Mr. Graham Browne's Colonel Gray was an odd, jerky performance, but it is always nice to meet a stage colonel who does not mention his liver, make up like Mr. Cattermole, or roar like Bully Bottom.

## Correspondence

### THE ELECTIONS IN EGYPT

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT)

Cairo, January 22.

PERSONALITY may be said to have won the elections in Egypt, which have just resulted in a sweeping victory for the Wafd—the glamour of a name, of a popular idol, irrespective of any political idea. The verdict of the polls has been almost unanimous; thus we are faced with the anomaly of a Parlia-



ment without parties, without an opposition. But, paradoxical as it may sound, this unanimity is only on the surface, and the Zaghloulist faction is in reality composed of elements so diverse as to complicate the political machinery of any country.

It is significant that loud as the protestations of independence have been in recent years, the bulk of the population in the Nile Valley, of whom the 11,000,000 fellahen comprise the majority, still feel the need of protection. The fellah is no longer the *bête de charge* of Ismail's day, and between the Copts and Moslems, too, a cryptic, secret animosity still lingers. The difference between these two sects may be defined as mental rather than religious. The Copts as a rule are sturdier, as exemplified in their adherence to their ancient faith, better educated and capable of discriminating between the rival advantages of protection and independence. Being in a minority, too, they have enjoyed more benefits in this direction under British rule than their Moslem *confrères*, and though of late they have outvied the Moslems in protestations of patriotism, it is difficult to determine how far their changed attitude is due to a motive of self-protection.

Amid this welter of creeds and factions the Wafd leader will have his work cut out to steer a middle course. Not only has he to evolve from the ashes of his former destructive policy a constructive programme that will satisfy both moderates and extremists, but he has to placate the ambitions of the office seekers of every complexion within his own ranks. Saad Pasha Zaghloul, the demagogue agitator, may have thundered against the Declaration of February, 1922, as a basis of negotiation with the British, but we shall not be surprised if, in his new role of statesman and leader of the first Parliament of Egypt, he speaks in very different accents. His reconciliation with the Palace is indication of his modified attitude, as it also demonstrates the King's realization of the necessity for union and stability within the country. To those in the inner circles of Egyptian politics, it is apparent that kingship has already increased the capacity and enlarged the views of his Majesty Fuad I. Conversant as he is with the trend of events in England and the vital relations between the two countries, he may, we believe, be safely trusted to rule as a constitutional monarch, within his lights—his hereditary instincts are all towards auto-cracy—and to exert a restraining influence on the extremism which the wild journalism of Egypt tends to encourage. He has had a difficult part to play, and has played it well. Never, perhaps, has his prestige been higher in the country than it is to-day.

As regards the various Government Departments, there is no doubt that the loss of the British officials is already being felt. Nepotism and other abuses peculiar to Oriental administration are taking the place of the inviolable Western standards, and these retrograde tendencies may in time undo the whole constructive work of the Occupation. Meanwhile the scale of compensation allowed to the retiring British officials is of a generosity unparalleled in the history of any other Government, and is only another proof of the anxiety of the Egyptians to attain their long-coveted independence at any price. But the real root of the bitterness of the Egyptian people towards us is psychological rather than political, and was aptly summed up by a prominent Egyptian to one of the retiring Englishmen the other day in the following words: "None of the benefits we have received under the Protectorate can atone to us for the contempt we know that you feel for us." How much justification there is for the accusation it would not be politic to discuss, but the mere admission is in itself a hopeful sign. Self-respect is an attribute which every man must deserve of himself, and with the advantages of education now at their command, and the standards of rectitude and justice they have had before them for so many years, there is no reason why the reproach, if it exists, should not be removed in time by the Egyptians themselves.

## Letters to the Editor

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

### REPRESENTATION

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Your interesting article on Representation concludes with a reference to three possible reforms—proportional representation, the referendum, and increase in the number of members of Parliament. You do not speak hopefully of any of the suggestions you throw out, but at least you make it clear that the problem of representation now demands the earnest consideration of all who love our House of Commons, who recognize that there is no alternative to representative government, and are anxious to make it as competent as possible to meet the needs of our time.

I ask space to deal with a misapprehension of proportional representation. You say that "it is a purely arithmetical solution, and, like all arithmetical solutions of affairs, liable to great perversions where will and feelings are concerned." It is true that under proportional representation, as under our present system, use is made of the elementary principles of arithmetic. To-day we add together the votes and we deduct one total from another, showing what majority the man at the top has secured. In comparing the result in a constituency in one election with the result in the next, the simple rules of arithmetic are again applied. The difference in votes reflects the trend of opinion. No method of election can escape the use of arithmetic. Proportional representation applies its simple principles in such a way that there is some assured relation between representation and the political forces represented. But were proportional representation "a purely arithmetical solution" I for one would not be devoting my time to its advocacy. That superficial view of a method of election would not have called forth the devotion of Lord Courtney, of Earl Grey and of the late Mr. Aneurin Williams, and others who have done their share in pressing its acceptance upon their fellow countrymen.

A method of election is more than mere machinery. It involves, as Lord Courtney pointed out, the suppression or the releasing of life. Apply his words to the elections in which P.R. has been used. Take the election of the Dail in Southern Ireland in June, 1922. The Dail was preceded by a pact (arranged over the heads of the electors) between Mr. de Valera and Mr. Michael Collins. The pact provided that the sitting members in the Dail, whether for or against the Treaty, should be candidates in the constituency for which they sat. If the single-member system had been used what would have happened? Every Irishman knows that that pact would have been effective, far more effective, indeed, than the coupon pact arranged in 1918 between Sir George Younger and Captain Guest under which 150 constituencies were assigned to the National Liberals. This latter coupon pact owed its success in 1918 largely to the single-member system. In Ireland, had the single-member system prevailed, it is certain there would have been very few contests, if any, in 1922. Few indeed would have thought it worth while to challenge the pact. But the proportional system gave a fighting chance to non-panel candidates. These, knowing that they would under P.R. win a seat if supported by a substantial minority, forced elections over three parts of the country. When the election came it was not merely the better arith-

metic which P.R. employs but the new method of expressing votes that broke down the pact completely. Under the single-member system no one would have known how many voters were for de Valera and how many for the Treaty. Treaty and anti-Treaty candidates were to run under the same banner. Under the proportional system the electors expressed by the figure 1 who was their first choice, Treaty or anti-Treaty. Thus, instead of the almost inevitable stalemate, the proportional system made vocal the large majority for the Treaty; it released the electors from the bondage of the pact.

There is still in Great Britain a belief that by some method or other it would be a good thing if differences of view, even on large issues, could be suppressed and all electors compelled, whether they wished it or not, to divide into two groups, Labour and anti-Labour. Such suppression of opinion cannot be permanent under any system, and those who advocate it cannot be sure of the particular views that the system will suppress. It is much more healthy that a reasonable opportunity should be given for electors to choose their man and this is what P.R. does. Sincerity in representation will strengthen Parliament in many ways, and the necessary adjustments in the relation between parties, and in the organization of government are not beyond the genius of British statesmanship.

There remains the suggestion that P.R. paves the way for cranks. Let us test the suggestion by experience. Some of the constituencies in Ireland in August, 1923, returned eight or nine members. Different views will be taken of the calibre of the members returned. But no one has suggested that any were of the "crank" type. P.R. elections in this country would give a similar result. The people are not cranks. To reflect their views more truthfully as P.R. will do, will reveal the people for what they are—reasonably sane and anxious for steady but real progress, and for the constant adaptation of government and of legislation to this end.

I am, etc.,

JOHN H. HUMPHREYS,

Secretary, Proportional Representation Society  
82 Victoria Street, S.W.1

## THE CASE FOR THE VIENNESE OPERA

*To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—The publication of 'The Case for the Viennese Opera' by your musical critic leads me to express some views on this debated question which may be worth consideration. The British National Opera Company is still in its infancy, but in spite of many difficulties and the small financial support given by the public, it has already achieved notable success, e.g., the performances of 'Othello,' 'The Perfect Fool,' and others. To stimulate interest in British Opera must always be one of the aims of the B.N.O.C., and to have produced successfully three English operas is greatly to their credit. By this alone they have justified their existence and thus refute the accusation that they are a "third-rate makeshift."

Some people seem to take it for granted that the Viennese Company is greatly superior to the B.N.O.C., but this year London will be full of visitors from the Dominions, and surely they will prefer to see and hear what the British can do, rather than find the only Opera House in the possession of foreigners. The summer season is financially essential to the B.N.O.C., and it is the duty of their supporters to use all possible influence to prevent the Viennese Company from cutting out the prior claim of our own performers.

I am, etc.,

J. H. CRACROFT

17 Ladbrooke Square, W.

*To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—Just a line to express my agreement with Mr. Hussey's excellent article on the Vienna State Opera. Last week I was present at two performances in Covent Garden: they seemed to me very mediocre, and third-class in every respect. The agitation against the Vienna company would appear to be worked up by those interested in the B.N.O.C., who are probably afraid lest their wretched performances should suffer through comparison with those of a first-class Continental opera.

I am, etc.,

H. H.

Scottish Conservative Club, Edinburgh

## LOCAL OPTION AND PROHIBITION

*To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—May I be permitted to point out to Messrs. Douglas, Edwards and Luke that they have hit the right nail on its right head in my favour by their reference to improvements being within the power of the brewers, *but with the consent of the licensing magistrates?* It is not so bad now as it was some years ago, as is shown by results, though total improvement cannot be carried out instantaneously for many obvious reasons. But in the past the whole question often revolved round the fact that the licensing benches were the sole judges as to what constituted "increased drinking facilities" when improvements came up for consideration. It stands to reason that if a small, cramped house, which had been outgrown by the number of residents, required making more comfortable and commodious for that very reason, that indirectly facilities would have to be increased, but only in proportion to the demand. This, however, the Bench would often not allow, and schemes were dropped or difficulties were placed in the way by the magistrates, obviously unfair to the licensee. I have many such cases in mind, too long to elaborate here. It is well known that some Benches looked on improvements more favourably than others, who would have them at no price; in the latter districts the owners ceased persevering. One would judge that your correspondents, from the tone of their letters, had never heard of the many intricate and puzzling licensing laws when they talk about people having it all their own way in matters to do with comforts in refreshment houses that have to be licensed. I do not for a moment state that this is the case, but I suggest that for the purpose of their arguments they must have overlooked the fact at the moment.

Indirect State control is no doubt desirable in this sphere as in many others, but until the public demands it one is quite at liberty to assert that the country as a whole does not want direct State control and trading either in this or any other business; it has more important matters to attend to than selling pints of beer, pounds of tea, suits of clothing, etc.

I am, etc.,

J. ANDERSON

Kensington

*To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—Following Mr. Pace's advice, I have examined the figures relating to drunkenness convictions, especially in relation to the Carlisle scheme. By the kindness of a friend, I have been favoured with some useful information on the subject. I cannot see that the statistical test possesses any actual value for comparative purposes, for the simple reason that it cannot take into account climatic and industrial conditions, drinking facilities, administrative procedure, &c., which all vary greatly in different parts of the country. I observe that this is the view also of the compiler of the licensing statistics, who says, "Still less is it possible, in view of the infinite variety of conditions precedent, to base on the figures for two or more towns or places any sound judgment as to the comparative drunkenness or sobriety of those places." How is it

that this important opinion from the official actually responsible for these statistics should have escaped Mr. Pace's notice?

Now to reply to Mr. Pace's points: (1) If the Government in 1921 were convinced of the value of the Carlisle and other schemes, were they not fully justified in continuing them? They merely did their duty. (2) Can Mr. Pace tell your readers of any other area in the country where under the ordinary operation of the law nearly 50 per cent. of the licensed houses which were redundant have been removed? I have taken the opportunity of looking up Sir Arthur Holbrook's speech. It is an obviously partisan attack on this valuable social experiment. It is in direct conflict with local evidence, and with one's general experience all over the country. (3 and 4) My statements are reasonable, and do not appear to warrant the scorn which Mr. Pace pours upon them. I merely said that under the Carlisle scheme there was no inducement to promote the maximum sale. Obviously, under private ownership there is such inducement. It is only natural that it should be so. The brewer wants to increase his business, or he is no business man, and he will take steps to encourage his employees or agents. Why not? (5) The testimony to the value of the scheme comes from those who speak from personal knowledge, but they have nothing to gain thereby. It does not matter to them in a pecuniary sense whether the liquor trade is carried on by public or private ownership.

As to Mr. Pace's attempt to score a point, and make me out to be a prohibitionist, because I stated with approval that a reduction of nearly 50 per cent. in the number of licences has been made—can he give any valid reason for the retention of houses which were obviously not required for the convenience of the public? I am aware that the reduction by itself is not of great value, but no business man wastes money on keeping open unnecessary premises. Mrs. Thomas refers to the interest paid by the P. R. H. A., etc. This seems to me to emphasize the point that if these bodies can provide decent public houses, and, at the same time, pay a good dividend, the liquor trade ought to be in a position to do likewise.

I am, etc.,

Westminster

FRED CARTER

#### *To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—Mr. Pace, in his endeavour to belittle the opinion expressed by Viscount Milner, argues as if the liquor trade were conducted on the lines which govern other trades, such as the laws of supply and demand, etc. Obviously, this is not the case. As another correspondent in the current issue, Mr. F. Luke, points out, the liquor trade possesses a monopoly granted by the State which confers exceptional privileges and responsibilities. But, as Lord Milner maintained, "the number of traders is unfortunately much too large" and "the very fierceness of competition drives them to stimulate consumption all the more." This has brought about a condition of things that is anything but good for the country. With the application of public ownership, the number of places for the sale of alcoholic liquor could be reduced to the necessary reasonable proportion to population and the fierceness of competition with its bad effects in stimulating consumption would cease. To again quote Lord Milner, "Eliminate that dangerous and anti-social element from the supply of drink. Leave the traffic in the hands of an authority which, while bound to provide reasonable facilities for the purchase of alcoholic drinks by those who require them, has no interest in pushing the sale of such drinks, but, on the contrary, is interested in the maintenance of real places of refreshment and social intercourse, where alcoholic drinks will be obtainable, but where other things will also be obtainable, and where the management has nothing to gain by pushing the sale of alcoholic drink." "I believe that this can

be achieved, not only without any financial burden whatever being placed upon the community, but with actual economic advantage to the community."

Mr. Pace's imaginings in regard to "allied trades" appear to me to be very far-fetched. Catering for solid as well as liquid refreshment is a part of the duty of the licensed victualler—a duty too often neglected. But I should be sorry for any State department which attempted to raise the cost of food by the methods suggested by Mr. Pace.

I am, etc.,

S. JOHN LONGMAN

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#### A CURIOSITY OF LITERATURE

*To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—Permit me to thank the author of the instructive criticism in the SATURDAY REVIEW of December 8, 1923, on the 'Early Life, Correspondence and Writings of Edmund Burke,' for calling attention to the fact that the 'Poem Occasioned by the Hangings in Dublin Castle in which the Story of Phæton is Expressed,' printed in the volume as the satire on the Young Pretender Phæton, written by Richard Shackleton after much criticism by Burke, has been published among Swift's poems. This creates, as your reviewer justly says, a "curiosity of literature."

In 1746-47 O.S. there was considerable correspondence between Burke and Shackleton about the satire. I found among their original letters the poem entitled as above, published as a broadsheet, without date or printer's name. Unaware that it had been attributed to Swift, I concluded that this was Shackleton's 'Phæton.'

I now find that this poem, together with one on 'Actæon' and another on 'Orpheus,' were published in 1808 by Dr. "Jacky" Barrett, the eccentric Vice-Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, in an 'Essay on the Earlier Life of Swift,' and that it was by him it was first attributed to Swift, with, however, a candid note that "of these three pieces I know not the author or authors" . . . "but I have been led to suppose that perhaps Swift was the author."

Barrett's reasons are too intricate to detail in your columns. They are mere guesses, and deserve better to be termed whimsical than the compilation called the 'Whimsical Medley,' in which he discovered these three poems. This 'Medley' is a collection of Lanesborough family papers and letters, poems and fugitive pieces copied into three large volumes. Dr. Barrett stated in his essay that the 'Medley' was then (1808) in Trinity College Library, but strange to say the MSS. catalogue contains an entry in Barrett's own handwriting that it was purchased and deposited in the Library in June, 1819. Supposing—as he says—that the 'Medley' was all (except one document) in the handwriting of Theophilus, first Lord Newtown-Butler, Barrett conjectured that it was compiled before 1723, the year of his death; but the handwriting is evidently that of some professional scribe, clerk or schoolmaster, and not the industrious penmanship of an Irish peer. Barrett, followed in 1824 by Sir Walter Scott, only "attributed" the poem to Swift, Scott rejecting the other two poems "entirely on the internal evidence, for there is no other." It is printed, however, as Swift's in more recent editions of his poems. The only evidence for Swift's authorship is its style. Your reviewer considers it "instinct with Swift's originality." The intuition and judgment of such authorities will outweigh with many the coincidence of the discovery of the broadsheet among Burke's letters criticizing Shackleton's efforts. Perhaps the 'Phæton,' which, as Burke wrote in 1747, was "still selling well," may yet be identified, and this curiosity of literature solved.

I am, etc.,

ARTHUR W. SAMUELS

Cloghereen, Howth, Co. Dublin





DRAMATIS PERSONÆ, No. 84

## THE LORD PRIVY SEAL

(THE RT. HON. J. R. CLYNES, M.P.)

By 'QUIZ'

## Reviews

### MADAME VIROUBOVA'S APOLOGIA

*Memories of the Russian Court.* By Anna Viroubova. Macmillan. 15s. net.

WE should hope that no one could possibly read this remarkably interesting book without acknowledging that Madame Viroubova has been a greatly maligned woman. The spirit of transparent sincerity which breathes throughout its pages is to us entirely convincing. For such an autobiography to have been written by the fanatical parasite of a luxurious and lascivious impostor that its author was at one time called would be a literary *tour de force* far more incredible than the alternative theory that the revolting stories about Madame Viroubova were part of the revolutionary campaign of calumny, from which the members of the late Russian royal family and their immediate attendants are now at last emerging. At any rate, we profess ourselves to be entirely persuaded that Madame Viroubova in this womanly and fascinating narrative tells the absolute truth about herself and her unmerited sufferings, and, as far as she can perceive it, the truth about the ill-fated sovereigns of whom she shows herself to have been a most faithful and loyal friend.

This is one of the memoirs which bear the stamp of truthfulness on their every page, and internal evidence is quite sufficient, without any further corroboration—though that is also available now—to give it a high place among the genuine first-hand records of the Russian revolution. Its narrative of the private life of the Russian court, and especially of the Empress and her circle, reminds us in many ways of Madame Campan's well-known book about Marie Antoinette, and it will probably be assigned an equally high historical value by the future historian. The judge before whom Madame Viroubova was examined in 1917, under the brief reign of Kerensky, states in the report which is printed as an appendix to this volume that "her statements were all candid and sincere, and their truth was subsequently established beyond doubt by documentary evidence." Candour is indeed the leading note of these pages, and we trust that the reception of Madame Viroubova's apologia in the English-speaking world will give her the well-deserved consolation, not only of having cleared her reputation from unmerited obloquy, but of having shown herself as the incarnation of devoted friendship and Christian resignation which the heroine of this moving tale undoubtedly is.

Apart from the revelation of her own character, which is the most important function of her book, Madame Viroubova has a great deal of first-rate interest to tell us about the intimate life of the Russian Court as she saw it for some ten years before the Revolution. Her description of the Tsar and Tsaritsa does not materially differ from the view which is now held by most well-informed students. They were a worthy and even sympathetic couple, whose only real fault was to occupy a position for which neither of them was fitted by nature. The Tsar's unfortunate tendency to be governed by "the last person he happened to consult," coupled with his impulsive readiness to make important appointments "on the impression of a moment," was just the quality that an autocrat should not have had. The Victorian virtues of the Tsaritsa, of whom Madame Viroubova draws such a full-length portrait as bears witness to the genuine affection and intimacy of the artist, counted against her in the highly artificial and corrupt society in which she was so unfortunately called to hold the highest place. To start a kind of Dorcas Society among the spoilt and scornful darlings of the Russian aristocracy was a task foredoomed to failure. Nor was it quite in keeping with the traditions of the Rus-

sian throne to save up anxiously for years in order to be able to give each daughter the sacramental diamond necklace when she came out, without putting a strain on the Treasury—what else is the Treasury for, a high-born Russian would ask? The Tsar and Tsaritsa would have been most estimable persons in a lower rank, as the country squire and his Lady Bountiful; but they were not in their proper place or time.

The chapters on Rasputin will be read with special interest, in view of the aforesaid calumnies. Probably they do not tell the whole truth about that amazing peasant-pilgrim; but we are quite sure that they faithfully represent Madame Viroubova's impression of the holy man who meant so much to her and her Empress. Even his outward appearance is quite different from that of the Rasputin of propaganda—"an elderly peasant, thin, with a pale face, long hair, an uncared-for beard, and the most extraordinary eyes, large, light, brilliant, and apparently capable of seeing into the very mind and soul of the person with whom he held converse." His influence with the Empress and her friend was clearly that which any strong-willed spiritual director can exercise over any pietistic and simple-minded women who believed in him. There was never any need to assume less creditable reasons. The long and realistic account of the author's sufferings in prison, with which the book concludes, is a painful but striking story, which leaves us filled with admiration for the spirit of truly Christian meekness—or womanly forgiveness—with which Madame Viroubova can write about her persecutors.

### INTIMATE CHINA

*Two Gentlemen of China.* By Lady Hosie. Seeley, Service. 21s. net.

IT is not always simple to fit an adjective to a book, but there is no difficulty in the present instance. Lady Hosie's book is charming. It is delightfully easy to read, is informing without being in the least didactic, and is of genuine value and importance in helping towards an understanding of a people who are certainly among the most interesting in the world. As the sub-title states, this work is an intimate description of the private life of two patrician Chinese families, their homes, loves, religion, mirth, sorrow, and many other aspects of their family life. Lady Hosie's credentials are of the most complete kind. She was born in China, speaks Chinese, and knows China very well. Her husband is one of the greatest authorities on China. Her father, Professor Soothill, who holds the Chair of Chinese at Oxford, was formerly President of the Shansi Imperial University, and is the author of the standard 'Student's Chinese Dictionary.' In an Introduction to his daughter's book, Professor Soothill tells us that, in addition to the knowledge she has acquired of China from much travel, her real qualifications for writing it are that she has lived in Chinese homes, rich and poor—"she has been on terms of beautiful intimacy with their mothers, wives, and daughters, has learnt the secrets of their lives, entered into their joys and sorrows, and won her easy way into their hearts." This means, of course, that she has a wonderful gift of sympathy. We will go a little farther and say that among her real qualifications is that she knows how to write. She makes these two Chinese families live for us; indeed, we come to feel that we are on the same terms of intimacy with them as she herself is, and cherish for them a like regard.

One of the most striking things in Lord Northcliffe's book on his world tour was the statement of his great discovery that Far Eastern mothers differed not at all from Western mothers in fondling and caring for their children. Apparently rather to his surprise, he found out that they are human. Very early in her life Lady Hosie made a similar discovery regarding the

Chinese people, whether gentle or simple. There have been two sorts of writers about them, one giving them indiscriminate praise, the other as indiscriminate blame. She gives us the right standpoint. Addressing Li Cheng, the son of one of the two gentlemen who provide her with her main theme, she says:

The truth is you [the Chinese] are like the rest of the inhabitants of this mortal globe, neither angels nor demons, but human beings, with the virtues, vices, and variety which that phrase implies.

Yet it is plain that Lady Hosie likes the Chinese—as who does not that knows them?—and that she found many of them more than likeable. To be sure, China is China, and the point of view of her people differs in many ways, though not in the essentials of life, from that of the West. In much the Chinese are still set within the immemorial Chinese frame, but it is a frame that is undergoing a considerable change. Lady Hosie's book opens on a stormy note—the passing of the Manchus and the establishment of the Republic in 1911; there are also several references to the Boxer trouble and its ill effects. She shows how closely the fortunes of those of whom she writes and their families were influenced by these upheavals. In fact she presents us with a picture of Old China as it is affected by Young China; the older generation rather bewildered but cleaving to what it believes to be abiding, and the younger generation, shorn of pigtail, learning English, wearing European clothes, somewhat full of talk, but at bottom still solidly built on the ancient learning and venerable traditions of the land. One of her 'Two Gentlemen of China' is a high Manchu official, once Governor of a province, the other is a high Chinese official and a great scholar, the Chief Judge of a province, and a man whose father had been for forty years Counsellor-in-Chief to the former Court. They represent Old China. Their sons, Honourable Harmony, Brother, and the Encourager of Sincerity stand to some extent for Young China, as in a less degree do their daughters, Fragrant Lily, Flowering Plum, Scented Blossom, Gentle Calm, Orchis Flower, and Water Lily, while their wives are typical Chinese ladies, that is, excellent wives, mothers, and managers of their households. Politics have, after all, only a secondary place in this admirable book, which, for the most part, is a succession of "domestic interiors" painted with something of the minuteness, clearness, and delicacy of an old Dutch master. Our sincere congratulations to Lady Hosie.

#### SUBSTANCE AND FORM

*The Best Short Stories of 1923: I. English.*  
Edited by E. J. O'Brien and John Cournos.  
Cape. 7s. 6d. net.

THE editors of this anthology—the second of its kind—are nothing if not catholic in their choice. But we are aware that anything less than catholicity—anything, indeed, less than broad-mindedness—would fail to find enough material to fill a volume with short stories published by British and Irish authors in the course of one short year. But they cannot do better than the best. These probably are the "best," and if the quality is not finer the fault lies with the authors, not the editors. Messrs. O'Brien and Cournos pay a tacit compliment to the SATURDAY REVIEW by reprinting among their selection two stories which were originally published in these pages, and including in their more ample list of "honourable mentions" eleven others which also first saw the light in the SATURDAY. Certain critics, it appears, took the editors of this anthology to task last year, when they published their first volume, for appointing themselves authorities on the standard of the English short story.

"Who made thee a ruler and a judge over us?" Their answer is, very properly, "No one. But can you tell me, sir, of any authority in this profession of Arts and Letters which is not self-appointed?" Whereupon they proceed to enumerate, with the dignity and high seriousness proper to their great task, the qualities which, in their opinions, are required of the good short story. These are, mainly, two: "organic substance" (i.e., psychological and imaginative reality) and "artistic form." But lest the variety of substance and form displayed in the stories which these standards of judgment have admitted into the elect company should by their diversity put the reader all at sea about values, Mr. Cournos adds an explanatory analysis. Artistic expression, he argues, is an escape from life. Life to-day is overpoweringly mechanical: the escape from it is expressed in a variety of ways which, by their very revolt against mechanism, are bound to be widely different and intensely individualistic. The only kind of short story which conforms to pattern, which in fact is as mechanical as the age, is the story which is artistically worthless: the story which is not art because it is not an escape from, but rather an acceptance of, life. In short, the average magazine story of to-day. That, if we understand it, is the theory on which the judgment of these anthologists is based. How does it work out in practice?

Well, there are stories in this collection which have "organic substance and artistic form"—to be precise there are five. Messrs. A. E. Coppard, C. E. Montague and Gerald Bullett, and Mesdames Mary Webb and Elinor Mordaunt fairly fulfil these conditions. There is no question about Mr. Montague, who has the right metaphor for everything and could wring beauty out of the very devil: his story of the Irishman whose illicit still was the well-spring of his soul is pregnant with wit and beauty. Mr. Coppard walks in heaven—we in the SATURDAY REVIEW have been privileged to watch him—with the assurance of an *habitué*. Mr. Bullett is uncannily clever and cleverly uncanny. Miss Webb tells with frail and exquisite tenderness a grim little workhouse tale. Miss Mordaunt's story of the 'Inspired Busman' is already known to readers of this journal. But what shall we say of Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson? Where are the "organic substance and artistic form" in his preposterously overdrawn and overwritten story? This is his description of the emotion of a child singing songs round a piano with his brothers remembered in the tranquillity of manhood:

What fun! How they would all jump about and shout it, while his mother laughed and nodded from the piano!  
What jolly, jolly fun!

And what of this?:

Regret was this separate and most terrible agony. Regret, realization, mortification. Regret, realization, mortification for what and of what all he had never been, and now could never become, all he had missed and now never could recover—all he now was, the nerveless, negligible entity he was and that he knew he looked—and all the fine and shining and valorous things that in the furnace of these emotions he most terribly desired to be.

He cried inwardly, he could have cried aloud, "Oh, dear me!"

Oh, dear me!

Mr. Sieveking's story of the 'Prophetic Camera' is original and intriguing as far as it goes, but it ends just when its real interest is beginning. Mr. Michael Arlen is amusing but artificial: his story has not that psychological and imaginative reality required by the anthologists. We wish we had space to quote in contradistinction to it and others that fall short of adequacy some of the bright and shining passages from Mr. Montague or Mr. Coppard or the late Miss Katherine Mansfield. But readers must get the book for themselves.



## WORDSWORTH'S FRENCH LOVE

*A Poet's Youth.* By Margaret L. Woods. Chapman and Dodd. 7s. 6d. net.

LATELY the world was astonished to hear that the generally placid and passionless Wordsworth, when he went to Revolutionary France, fell in love with a Frenchwoman and produced a daughter. He was, however, aroused to fervour by the hopes of the Revolution, and he had a stiff temper which did not easily give way. Westmorland, with its fine types of simple manhood, helped him to believe in the equality of man, and to shock his high-placed relatives.

His French experiences are the very stuff of romance, as he had a Royalist mistress and strong Republican sympathies. Mrs. Woods writes well, and has made an exciting story of it all, with plenty of sensation. But as a serious artist, she is strong in her details of French life and scenery, and she gives us effective glimpses of Marat, Blake and the sunny sister Dorothy, who was to be more to the poet than closer loves. As for him, he is gayer on occasion than we can think him. A sense of humour he never possessed; it is, indeed, commonly submerged by passion; but later, how the wife Annette would have been bored if she had gone to England! Mrs. Woods says that Wordsworth never laughed at himself: we doubt if he laughed at anything. He had his mystic joy in Nature, of which we get an early glimpse at Hawkshead.

## A PUBLISHER'S CONFESSIONS

*A Publisher's Confession.* By Walter H. Page. Heinemann. 5s. net.

THE main substance of this book is a series of ten articles, contributed to the *Boston Transcript* nearly twenty years, in which Mr. Page summarised the results of his experience as a director of the famous American publishing house, Doubleday, Page, and Co. He deals with the book in all its stages, from its birth in the writer's mind to its complete appearance in the reader's hands, and especially, at every stage, with the proper relations between publisher and author. The articles are a collection of interesting facts and theories about a particular branch of trade, and something more than that. For Mr. Page, though incidentally a great ambassador, was primarily and always a publisher; and these "frank confessions," as he calls them, are his apologia for his career. And, being a practical man of high ideals and an American, he speaks of his ideals with an engaging frankness which is now considered foreign to the English temperament.

Mr. Page was a publisher because he believed that a good book (that is, for him, a book with construction, with action, and with substance, and not a "literary" *tour de force*) is "a Big Thing, a chance for reverence, for something like consecration": that, with knowledge about books and the book market and the public, he could serve "the men and women of my generation who can, by their writings, lay the great democracy that we all serve under obligations for a new impulse": and that with his knowledge of the author and his work he could serve the public. He wishes, too, to be a successful publisher because the stability and enterprise of a successful publisher are assets both to the author and to the public: and also because he valued, much more than money, the distinction which accrued to him as a successful publisher of good books. From his authors he expected a similar standard: if money, and money only, was their object, he was quite content that they should transfer their work to "Podunk Exploitem and Company," but if they preferred to earn a livelihood *plus* distinction rather than pile up dollars, he thought it a privilege to be their friend and adviser. It is clear that he valued very highly the close friendships which resulted from his appreciative and sympathetic services to writers.

The book is written in an easy, trenchant style, which carries conviction of Mr. Page's great practical abilities and of his frankness. Even the most suspicious author, reading the reasons which Mr. Page gives for asking his authors to be content with moderate royalties, will not suspect him of any confidence trick. It is a book, in fact, which should be read both by author and publisher, in order to appreciate each other's difficulties; and if each of them, with his eye on the other, is tempted to think that its picture of mutual confidence is Utopian, he should remember that the world itself, seen through Mr. Page's eyes, would seem Utopia to most of us.

## TALES OF THE WILDERNESS

*The Tenderfoot in New Mexico.* By R. B. Townshend. The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d. net.

IT is with much regret that Mr. Townshend's readers will learn that this is the last volume which they will have from his fresh and attractive pen, as his long and variegated life came to an end last year. He has, however, fortunately, completed the narrative of his youthful adventures in the wilder parts of the United States, and it is sufficient to say that this second volume has none of the disappointing characteristics which too often wait upon sequels.

At the end of his previous volume we left him on the way to New Mexico, and the tale of his roving, gold-hunting, horse-dealing life there is most entertaining. A charming drawing by Mrs. Townshend, which is reproduced as a frontispiece, shows that he must have been a most attractive lad, even though his description was, point for point, identical with that of an outlaw for whom a reward of \$3,000 was offered "alive or dead." It is just the kind of face and figure that we should have guessed him to possess—"smooth face, blue eyes, high colour, long curly hair, hanging down on his shoulders; wears buckskin, rides with a very long stirrup, looks like a boy on horseback." It is hardly surprising that, after reading this alluring advertisement, Mr. Townshend's first action was to get his hair cut, and to shorten his stirrups. He gives us a vivid description of the alluring joys of gold-hunting—washing the gravel of the rivers in an iron pan till possibly the coveted "colour," or bright yellow sparkle of gold, was visible in the last handful of sand. "But if it was only yellow specks it was no use; you couldn't save specks in a flume; you must have coarse gold, in grains as big as shot." The game was to follow the colour up stream until the coarse gold began to appear; but alas! it never did. Still, the game was pleasant when one was young and hopeful.

Mr. Townshend draws some thrilling and obviously truthful pictures of Indians and "bad men." He seems to have always come out on the right side, thanks no doubt to the engaging ingenuousness which colours all his writing. There is a delightful account of the sporting outlaw who proposed to sell him horses at five dollars apiece for reselling in Colorado at a hundred dollars, but the negotiations fell through when it was revealed that the horses must be taken "wet"—i.e., they were to be the proceeds of a raid into Mexico, and would be delivered immediately after having swum the Rio Grande. There is a striking vignette of another "bad man," whose chief title to fame was to have shot his own son-in-law for disobeying him, and who had a curious tired expression in his eyes—"he was tired, tired of being for ever on his guard." But he was nice to Mr. Townshend, and gave him an introduction—what Daddy Ratcliffe would have called a "jark"—to the notorious Billy the Kid, the cold-blooded and hard-bitten young desperado of twenty, who had shot down as many men as he had lived years. The sketch of Billy and his gang is a valuable contribution to the history of that strange and vanished, though so recent, chapter in the growth of the United States.

## New Fiction

By GERALD GOULD

*England, my England.* By D. H. Lawrence.  
Secker. 7s. 6d. net.

*Horses and Men.* By Sherwood Anderson.  
Cape. 7s. 6d. net.

*Defeat.* By Geoffrey Moss. Constable. 6s. net.

THE short story is, much more than the novel, a matter of hit or miss. There is no room for those fair alleys, fragrant walks, blossomy bowers, which in the larger work may distract the attention from the main lie of the land: structure is all. Because of this, completely successful short stories are even rarer than apparently successful novels. The three volumes before me contain twenty-five stories; and only one unflawed. Yet, out of the twenty-five, twenty-five are interesting.

I am getting a little tired of reviewing Mr. Lawrence. I have no choice—he cannot be ignored; but he has taken to writing far too many books. They all contain patches of poetry, puddles of nonsense, and a philosophy of life which never touches the comprehensible without achieving the absurd. Even his verbal style, recently as rich and various as the ravings of delirium, is hardening into the monotony of coma. His manner has become a mannerism; he says things three times in the hope that that will make them true.

He laboured sullenly, with a hot, hard resistance at his heart. His labour was dreadful to him, it was loathsome, it filled him with that hot, hard sense of resistance that was like a pain in his heart; it was poisonous and ugly, like a snake, like the snake with flat head and little evil eyes that looked up at him from the grass. But he would not give way. No, he would not. His heart was black with loathing, because of the woman for whom he laboured, for whom he laboured against her will. She willed him to stop his labour and yield to the warm enervating female bliss of her caresses; but deep in his heart, in the very centre of his heart, along with the loathing that was a sort of sensual revulsion from the terror and delight of her embraces, was the hard core of his male resistance. He would never give way.

And she, she loved him. Ah, how she loved him! She was cold, she was dreadful, with the intensity of her love. She stood watching him at his labour, willing him to look up at her, at the cold glitter of her eyes; but ah, he would not . . .

No, that is not by Mr. Lawrence. It is by me. But it flowed from my pen because I had been reading Mr. Lawrence, and I daresay you got nearly to the end of it before discovering the fraud. I have to repeat, for honesty's sake, that Mr. Lawrence has great gifts, gifts that might have made him a great writer; but, with every volume he publishes, the goal of greatness retreats further from him. In these short stories, he has several that deal merely with crude, silly and insignificant violence; he has several that are all but beautiful; but, whereas the violence is left to speak for itself, we are jerked away from the beauty. Mr. Lawrence is always leading us up the garden, and there is always a cess-pool at the end of it. In 'England, my England,' there are moments of exquisite tenderness and pity, in the parts that tell of the children, but the tale itself is unreal and pointless; in 'The Blind Man' the situation is conceived subtly and grandly, but is marred before the close by over-emphasis; nearest to success comes 'Monkey Nuts,' which has the comparatively humble though characteristic theme of a young man's sexual repulsion from a young woman who makes love to him. Sometimes the writing is, presumably through haste, frankly incompetent: in a snake's mouth "the one hind leg of a frog was striving to escape, and screaming its strange, tiny bellowing scream"! And constantly there are those "noes" and "ahs." I think the "ahs" have it. They are as disconcertingly frequent as in

the verse of the poet whom one inevitably thinks of as Matthew Ahnold.

I have suggested before, in these columns, that Mr. Sherwood Anderson resembles Mr. Lawrence, and that his natural gifts are even more notable. A great deal of 'Horses and Men' is poor. The stories which are told through the mouths of illiterate and unsophisticated youths concerned with the care of horses are stimulating as experiments, have a sort of breadth and ease of gesture which remind one delightfully of the humanity which wars with morbid psychology for the possession of Mr. Anderson's artistic soul—but they do not succeed. One cannot but admire, on the other hand, the frankness with which the author lets us know when he feels himself to be fumbling after something unachieved: "It may be that I have been impelled to tell his story in the hope that by writing of him I may myself understand." The longest story, 'Unused,' is badly constructed, but it has lovely things in it, and its inspiring idea is admirable—shows that real imaginative, inventive quality which marks the inspired teller, the man who tells tales because they come to him and he must. The heroine is a girl whose family is entirely sunk in moral squalor: the men drink, the other girls are calculating and business-like prostitutes. This girl alone is fine, keen and gentle; but somehow the time and the place and the provocative one all together lure her into one adventure which, in the eyes of the town, fixes her for ever as a follower of her sisters' profession. She understands only that at one blow her hope, her work, her interest in life, have been taken from her. She is utterly repelled by the idea of going the way expected of her: "I won't ever do it again," is her pitiful and childlike promise to her elder sister. But from her loneliness she takes refuge in falsehood—"romance" is a higher name for it; and gradually she comes, in a way, to half-believe the lies she invents about her own past. She creates a dream-world of fairy-stories, and gets a friend to accept them for truth, and they become so real to her that they give her back her self-respect—until a grosser reality jars her out of it again. Even better is 'An Ohio Pagan,' the one entirely successful story in the three books. Its theme is simply the adolescence, the awakening, of an unlettered boy, who interprets his employer's prayers, which concern the weather, to mean that "the young and beautiful God Jesus" is the bringer of sunshine and of rain: he thinks of his god as the early pagan races, living under the perpetual menace and promise of the weather, thought of theirs. The physical troubles of adolescence are not shirked, but on the other hand they are not unpleasantly emphasized—a rare mercy nowadays! I can imagine that the story might give offence to some; but it should be lifted from the reach of controversy by its sustained and passionate beauty.

Mr. Geoffrey Moss "struck oil" recently with his original and intriguing novel, 'Sweet Pepper.' His second book, comprising six studies of defeated and impoverished Germany, is less good, but still it is good. It has the same merits as 'Sweet Pepper'—the strong sympathy with suffering, the power to seize and render atmosphere, the quickness and alertness of narrative: and the same faults—a certain cheapness of effect, a willingness to use the artifice of sentimentality when the subject demands the stark art of tragedy. The name-story is certainly the best, because the most restrained. All the stories leave their mark: none of them can be shaken out of the mind. But how far this is because they deal with contemporary circumstance, how far it is because of their quality as stories, is a question which immediate criticism is probably not competent to decide. If they dealt with equal suffering, but suffering remote in time—with something irrevocable, irremediable—should we be moved so much? Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that they will strongly hold and deeply stir anyone who once opens the book.

## Round the Library Table

A MISCELLANY

A PAMPHLET has just fallen into my hands which marks the conclusion of an effort to improve our national collections, and is almost a revolution in their methods. It is headed 'The National Museums and Galleries of London: Lectures and Special Exhibitions for February, 1924,' and may be obtained at the Stationery Office in Kingsway, or, I should imagine, through any bookseller for fourpence. There are seven of these institutions, the National Gallery, the Tate, the Portrait, the British Museum, the Natural History, the Victoria and Albert, and the Wallace. Each of them offers two lectures a day on a fixed subject (the British Museum four) and all but one of them offer to provide, free of charge, a lecturer-guide to accompany a private party to any part of the collection on giving four days' notice. It only remains to reduce the number of days on which admission fees are charged in our galleries, and to follow the example of the National Portrait Gallery, which admits parties of school children free, for us to have one educational effort in which we head the world.

I should hardly have seen this programme, and I imagine many other people must be in my position, if a friend had not called my attention to an excellent idea of the Director of the National Portrait Gallery. He is using the pictures under his charge as a basis for a course of lectures on the literary and social history of the country as far as the collection extends. Thus every Monday two major poets are selected as the subject, e.g., Chaucer and Shakespeare, Donne and Milton, Dryden and Pope, Shelley and Keats, Blake and Morris, &c., &c., and readings from their works will be given, the lectures being first given to the young and repeated to adults. On Tuesdays the lectures will take up the social life of the various periods; on Wednesdays the portrait painters, the drama, the novelists, and so on, while wars will be taken up another day. It seems to me that this is an enterprise which only lacks publicity to be a great success, as it is already a public benefit. A grim touch is added by the British Museum to its notice: "The lectures are not to be used as a means of learning English, nor for practising shorthand."

An annual which deserves to be more widely known than it is, is 'The Year's Work in English Studies, 1922,' edited by Sir Sidney Lee and F. S. Boas (Oxford University Press, 7s. 6d. net). It contains short analyses and reviews of all the books and articles of importance on English literature published during that year, classified under twelve headings, with an admirable index. As an old reviewer myself, I can speak with the heartiest appreciation of the way in which the authors of each section deal with their subject. To be sure, they have had a whole year or more in which to make up their minds, and the added advantage of the pronouncements of their more ephemeral predecessors, but it is rare to find any of them reversing the judgments these last have passed. It is a pleasure to have the considered views of such men as Sir Sidney Lee, Prof. Grierson, Mr. Montague Summers, Prof. Herford, and Mr. H. V. Routh on the books dealing with subjects they have made their own.

I want to recommend very heartily to tourists in Italy a book which has just come to hand, 'The Saints in Italy,' by Lucy Menzies (Medici Society, 10s. 6d. net). It is a book of some 500 pages, of a size which will take up little room in the travelling bag, and can be slipped into the pocket when visiting churches and art galleries. It gives condensed biographies of the saints who interested Italian painters, or had Italian churches dedicated to them, and in an appendix men-

tions the emblems which accompany them, and help to identify the personages represented. The author makes no claim to special scholarship, but puts her work forward as the result of many years' desultory collections from various sources, among which she proudly reckons "the folio volumes of the *Acta Sanctorum*," though it is evident that much of it is derived from humbler and more uncritical sources. In such a case it were ungracious to point out errors and omissions where some few may be found.

What a traveller really wants is a handy compendium of the legends that influenced painters and their patrons in the golden age of church painting before the critical spirit nurtured by Protestantism and the later Renaissance had begun to be influential. No lives of the saints compiled after 1520, say, are of any real use to the student who wishes to trace an obscure saint in a picture. Sometimes, indeed, no printed book is of any real use at all, as in the case of Saint Mammert or Mammes, whose story, traced some years ago in the *Burlington Magazine*, is here omitted altogether. The table of symbols, which the publishers claim to be complete (a claim which almost invites criticism) is wonderful, as the result of desultory collection, but might have been got together in a week if advantage had been taken of the half-dozen recent works on the subject. And here, I think, the author should have given a list of the chief books to which she refers students. But I would like to close with a note of hearty praise for a most useful and well-got-up manual.

I know few books, outside the range of mere textbooks, more packed with information, presented in a masterly way, than 'The Legacy of Rome,' edited by Mr. Cyril Bailey, and published by the Oxford University Press (7s. 6d. net). In thirteen chapters, each contributed by a master of his subject, the whole range of the classical tradition is covered in so far as it affects our daily life and thought. If one were disposed to criticize, it would be the choice of an Italian to write 'The Transmission of the Legacy' that I should question. If no Englishman could be found, and a severely edited Mr. Belloc would have done it admirably, a Frenchman would have been better. I prefer to stress the thin chain of continuity between Roman civilization and the Middle Age, rather than the total break-up which the older historians presented us. If there were a total breach of continuity at all, it was in the direction of science. Dr. Charles Singer has brought together in his chapter an amazing amount of material, considering the paucity of his sources: the impression of modernity given by a taximeter from Vitruvius is almost startling.

The section on Latin Literature by Prof. Mackail is as satisfactory and as unsatisfactory as was to be expected. Virgil had a great influence on every period which was fitted by its culture to appreciate worthily his peculiar excellences. But there were long periods in the Middle Age between the decay of Classical learning and the Twelfth Century revival, when he was a mere name—a confused and distorted memory of greatness. His eminence as a poet was sunk in his eminence as a magician, and even in sixteenth century editions of his works the engraved title pages reproduced the mediæval legends of his life rather than the incidents of his poems. It was the invention or perhaps the recrudescence of rime which was "the Legacy of Rome" in verse. In prose, the early Middle Age was the child of Gregory the Great and not of Livy or Cicero.

LIBRARIAN



## The Quarterlies

The *Quarterly* for January opens with a review of the work achieved by 'The League of Nations' and a warning as to some difficulties in its way by Lord Hardinge of Penshurst. Other political articles are on 'British Foreign Policy Past and Present,' and on 'Some Aspects of the Late General Election.' 'Jutland: The Real Story,' is a reconstruction founded on the official history. The best article in the number is that by Lord Ernle on 'Our English Villages' from Romano-British times to our day. It gives a lively picture of their growth and life, and apart from the recent evidence afforded by air surveys, could hardly be enlarged. Mr. Robert Lynd writes on 'Humour,' and recognizes the merit of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse. Mr. Horatio F. Brown draws a rather pessimistic parallel between the fallen fortunes of Venice and those of Great Britain. Prof. H. H. Turner describes 'The Study of Earthquakes,' and gives some interesting details as to the way in which observers can locate them. Mr. J. H. Morgan gives the first part of 'The Personality of Lord Morley.' It is very good as it is, but there is too much "I could, an I would" about it. Dr. Gunnere's paper on 'Matthew Arnold' emphasizes the critical side of his personality, while recognizing the value of the most authentic of his poetry. Mr. Douglas Gordon's 'Game Birds and Wild Fowl' is excellent reading, full of anecdote and personal observation. An unusually good number.

The *Edinburgh* opens with papers on the traditional foreign policy of Great Britain and the modifications it needs, and 'Some Reflections on Air Warfare.' Others deal with 'Protection in Australia,' 'War Supplies and Imperial Preference' and 'Tariffs and Empire.' Of the literary articles, all extremely good, those by Mr. Walkley on 'The Novels of Jane Austen' and by Mr. Stephen Gwynn on 'Maurice Hewlett' stand out. There is a curiously embarrassed air about this latter, as if the writer had only found out his real mind as the paper progressed. Mr. Francis Gribble on 'The Oxford Union' contributes some new stories to Mr. Morrah's collection. Mr. F. A. Wright continues his studies in the Palatine Anthology by translations from 'Paul the Silentiary'—the last flower of Greek poetry. Mr. O. G. S. Crawford in 'The Origins of Civilization' is severe on the theory of Mr. Perry representing megalith builders as carriers of culture, and makes out a good case against it in these islands, incidentally pulverizing one of Mr. Perry's followers, vouched for by Prof. Elliot Smith. Mr. Johnson continues the 'Correspondence of Tocqueville and Henry Reeve' and Mr. Frank Rutter puts forward some interesting views on English illuminated manuscripts in a paper devoted to the recent exhibition of 'English Mediaeval Art.' Other papers of importance are on 'The Industrial History of Ulster,' &c., &c.

The *Scottish Historical Review*, among other papers, has one by Mr. G. F. Barwick, 'A Side Light on the Mystery of Mary Stuart,' in which he disinters a contemporary account of the murders of Rizzio and Darnley by an Italian, Pietro Bizari, who was on the staff of the Earl of Bedford in Scotland at the time, and was in a position to know the current scandal as well as the bare facts. The account certainly supplies sufficient reason, as things went in those times, for what happened. Other papers deal with 'The Later Captivity and Release of James I,' 'The Lawthing and Early Officials of Orkney,' and 'Two Papers from the Argyll Charter Chest,' by the Duke of Argyll.

The *Slavonic Review* is, as usual, invaluable to any student of Slav politics or literature. An example of this is Mr. Maklakoff's paper on 'The Peasant Question and the Russian Revolution,' which is worth a volume of generalities to any one interested in the future of the Russian Republic. There are also papers on 'The Liberal Movement in Russia,' 'German Medieval Expansion,' 'Education in Slovakia,' with good statistics, and 'The Philosophy of Vladimir Solovyev.' The romance of Czar Alexander is recalled in 'The Siberian Hermit, Theodore Kuzonich.' Some poems from the Russian, Czech, and Slovak are well translated by Mr. Paul Selver and others, and the Economic Notes and Reviews are useful.

*Science Progress* has a rather pessimistic paper by Prof. Sir Flinders Petrie on 'The Growth and Decay of Communities.' We hope the pauperization of the community will be checked before it reaches the point he fears. Dr. Lotka writes on 'The Intervention of Consciousness in Mechanics,' and Mr. Shurlock on 'Erasmus Darwin.' The essays on 'The Theory of Electrolytes,' 'The Annealing of Glass' and 'The Assay of Gold' are rather special: the author of the last may be reminded that cementation was employed by the Egyptian and Greek alchemists and is described in Democritus. A very readable number.

The *Print Collector's Quarterly* contains papers on the Florentine engraver Robetta, by Prof. A. M. Hind, which gives a valuable sketch of the work of his time and a list; on Henry Rushbury, an old pupil of Mr. Catterson Smith at Birmingham; and on the etchings and lithographs of Claude Shepperson. The miniature reproductions of these artists' works are, as usual, delightfully chosen and executed. The scope of the journal is to be enlarged by some criticism of current publications.



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## Stock Market Letter

*The Stock Exchange, Thursday*

**S**ETTLEMENT of the railway strike was followed in the Stock Exchange markets by a general fall in the prices of the companies' stocks. This was due in the first place to previous buyers being anxious to take their profits, and, in the second to the uneasiness aroused by talk of a dockers' strike. In addition to the latter, it is said that the miners are becoming restive, and that the possibility looms ahead of a strike in this industry before long. Meanwhile, the builders receive one halfpenny per hour more, starting from Friday in this week. The net result of the railway strike is considered, in the Stock Exchange, to be one of no importance from the men's point of view, and the loss of two million pounds sterling, which the disturbance is estimated to cost the country, might have been saved, it is claimed, by the exercise of a little patience and negotiation. One railway official, highly placed, whom I rang up to ask what the terms of the settlement were, laughed at me over the 'phone, and declared that the terms were the same as those which had been offered a fortnight previously; with a few verbal alterations, however, in order to save various faces. The Home Railway market will probably advance again into public favour when the dividend announcements are made, as they will be during the coming week, and, unless the declarations should fall short of the moderate anticipations raised in respect of them, the prices are likely to recover.

### BANKING SHARES

Little time was required for absorption of our argument that British banking shares, after their fairly heavy fall in prices, offered an unusual chance to the investor who puts safety and security in the forefront of his financial requirements. This week has seen a state of affairs in the banking market, very different from the condition of dejected depression that prevailed while the Labour Cabinet was in the making. Prices stand materially better. More, the atmosphere of the market is coloured with a light rose, instead of a deep drab, shade. The change cannot be credited entirely to the speeches made at the various bank meetings, although these pronouncements played some part in contributing to the market's new-found strength. People did recognize, however, when it was pointed out, that the impregnable position occupied by the big British banks, is no mere figure of speech.

### SOUND INVESTMENTS

Money began to flow into the banking share market. Two or three days' demand served to reveal the scantiness of the supply, and prices were quick to respond. Those timid folk who had been talking nervously of their determination to sell on any rise, changed their minds and cancelled their selling orders as soon as the sky cleared. So the would-be buyers, balked of their expected bargains, bid higher, and financial human nature being what it is, this insistence merely intensified the previous holders' tenacity. The market is stronger; the available supply scanty and the people who had the pluck to buy when the cheap opportunities offered are right in thinking that there is no need for them to take the profits now accrued. The recent speeches at the Midland Bank and Barclays meetings have played their part in contributing to the revival of interest and prices in this market. Bank of Liverpool shares are now ex the dividend of 4s. per share, deduction of which from the price has served to bring in buying orders from the North.

### CHEERFULNESS IN SHIPPING

A breath of hope rustles the sails of the shipping industry. It looks as though the industry were gradu-

ally emerging from the long waste of doldrums through which shipping has drifted for so long a time. More ships are being built. People have begun to buy shipping shares. Cunards are nearly up to 201. The dividend, an annual affair due in April, is expected to be 7½ per cent. Royal Mail stock, down to 85 the other day, is now 91½. The last full year's dividend was 6 per cent.; if repeated, as seems probable, this will give 6½ per cent. to money invested in the stock at the present price. P. & O. deferred, prince of stocks in the shipping market, received 12 per cent. free of tax for the year lately ended. The stock costs 300 to-day, so the yield works out to 4 per cent., free of tax, on the money. Furness Withy shares return 5 per cent. free of tax. Such comparatively modest yields—the Cunard is the best, and makes the shares look cheap—testify to the greater hopefulness felt in regard to shipping. They afford a pleasant reflection of the growing belief that one of Britain's greatest national industries has taken a decided turn for the better.

### DAILY MAIL TRUST

The rally to 100½ in the price of *Daily Mail Trust* 7 per cent. debenture stock, comes as a relief to many thousands of holders who had been worried by the previous drop, to a small discount, below the issue price of 99. Correspondence of a stockbroker enables him to gain a fairly shrewd idea of the degree of interest taken by the public in various stocks and shares, and personal experience shows with what earnest attention the movements in *Daily Mail Trust* debenture stock are being followed.

Clients always want to know whether it is not a "perfectly safe" investment, and the answer, from the coldly correct point of view, is that, having regard to the nature of the security, *Daily Mail Trust* Debenture is a fair investment of its class. Nobody can imagine for a moment that the interest-payments are unlikely to be met, for the paper is too well-established for anyone to think that its profits will be insufficient to pay a handsome dividend on the Ordinary shares, let alone the interest on the Debenture stock. But the latter is secured partly on 800,000 Associated Newspapers Deferred shares that were valued in the prospectus at 7, and, as these stand at 5½, depreciation on this item alone amounts to nearly a million-and-a-quarter pounds, which one mentions as showing that the security, *qua* security, is different from that which is usually associated with the assets upon which a Debenture stock rests. I should say that *Daily Mail Trust* 7 per cent. Debenture in ordinary times is worth about 102: possibly a little more.

### STOCK EXCHANGE BENEVOLENT

The Stock Exchange Benevolent Fund, one of the largest of its kind in the country, issues its annual report this week. The assets of the fund stand in the balance sheet at £304,780. Of this amount, £301,735 is represented by stocks and shares, the value of which, on December 31 last, was £236,507. To the layman it may seem somewhat strange that the Stock Exchange should value its Benevolent Fund securities at £65,000 more than those stocks and shares are actually worth. Hidden reserves exist, however, in the shape of house property and reversions, for which no credit is taken in the accounts. The Fund spent, last year, £41,230, mainly in the direction of annuities to 365 people whose ages range from 36 to 90. The year's income was £47,052; Lord Glendyne gave £5,000 to mark the fortieth year of his membership of the Stock Exchange. Administration expenses cost £1,401, and it may be doubted whether there are many funds, approaching the magnitude of the Stock Exchange Benevolent, that are run at such a low ratio of expense to subscriptions.

JANUS

## Acrostics

## PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set.

## RULES

1. The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name is on the following list:

Allen and Unwin	Harrap	Mills & Boon
Bale, Sons & Danielsson	Heinemann	Murray
Basil Blackwell	Herbert Jenkins	Nash & Grayson
Burns, Oates & Washbourne	Hodder & Stoughton	Odhams Press
Chapman & Hall	Hodge	Putnam's
Collins	Hurst & Blackett	Routledge
Dent	Hutchinson	Sampson Low
Fisher Unwin	Jarrod	Selwyn Blount
Foulis	John Lane, The Bodley	S.P.C.K.
Grant Richards	Head	Stanley Paul
Gyldendal	Macmillan	Ward, Lock
	Melrose	Werner Laurie

2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Awards of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Friday following publication.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 100.

A FESTIVAL YOU'LL FIND IN THESE LIGHTS HIDDEN.  
WHICH BY OUR MOTHER CHURCH TO KEEP WE'RE BIDDEN.

1. Seek it in any bird, in any field.
2. Lop fore and aft what Cæsar forced to yield.
3. Uncle of one who doomed his son to die.
4. Curtail a monarch with whom few can vie.
5. Behead the steep face of an elevation.
6. Of various trees the gummy exudation.
7. Trick of the shrewd, the simple to beguile.
8. Its braggart epithet provokes a smile.
9. A fig for such a flatterer, mean and base!
10. If on come off, the plant is here in place.
11. Once drove a cart,—of him nought else we know.
12. An era which (this uncouth word would show)  
Dates from the Persian Empire's overthrow.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 98.

A SOVEREIGN PONTIFF—ANY ONE OF EIGHT.

A POET—WORKS NOT READ SO MUCH OF LATE?

1. Dogs, cats, e'en alligators dread my claws.
2. Great was my fall—and this the paltry cause!
3. Acts without words, yes, that's the very thing.
4. Occurs each year in autumn and in spring.
5. Ill-smelling gum—a remedy for spasm.
6. An architect whose building is a chasm?
7. By poets used where we should say "old age."
8. How did her peevish humour vex the sage!
9. Bid but his price, and you may get the lot.
10. Reverse me: I'm own brother to the pot.
11. Cut him in half! Four score and five he slew.
12. Lop at both ends a valley fair to view.
13. Wretch! from your monarch's trunk his head to hew.

## Solution of Acrostic No. 98.

P	um	A <sup>1</sup>	<sup>1</sup> Also called Cougar. It carries off dogs, cats,
O	range-pee	L	and other domestic animals, and fre-
P	antomima	E	quently encounters the alligator.
E	quino	X	<sup>2</sup> Asa = gum.
A	safetid	A <sup>3</sup>	<sup>3</sup> "Then the King said to Doeg, Turne thou
L	eni	N	& fal v on the Priests. And Doeg the
E	l	D	Edomite turned, and ran vpon the Priests,
X	antipp	E	& slew that same day four score and five
A	uctionee	R	persons that did weare a linen Ephod."—
N	a	P	1 Sam xxii. 18 (Geneva Bible).
D	Oeg <sup>4</sup>		<sup>4</sup> A valley in Thessaly which the poets have
TE	m	Pe <sup>4</sup>	described as the most delightful spot on
R	egicid	E	earth.

ACROSTIC No. 98.—The winner is Mr. A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, East Sussex Club, St. Leonards-on-Sea, who has selected as his prize 'Contemporary Portraits. Fourth Series,' by Frank Harris, published by Grant Richards and reviewed in our columns on January 19. Sixty-four other competitors named this book, six chose 'The Atom,' etc., etc.

Correct solutions were also received from Bordyke, Mrs. J. Butler, C. A. S., Stucco, F. I. Morcom, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Beehive, W. H. Fearis, K. Jones, Mrs. Culley, Buda, Doric, Merton, Lethendy, and Varach.


ONE LIGHT WRONG:—R. Ransom, Miss Rosa C. Burley, Rev. J. A. Easten, H. Kempson, Hon. Mrs. Bellew, G. H. Rodolph, Brum, Carlton, M. Kingsford, A. Browning, Stellenbosch, Lenno, Rev. A. R. Watson, Tyro, Plumbago, Baitho, Diamond, Ludus, Zyk, Gay, Iago, C. E. P., T. M. Y., G. T., Lady Duke, N. O. Sellam, Oakapple, Martha, S. J. D., Boskerris, M. Story, St. Ives, John Lennie, Met, A. de V. Blathwayt, Farsdon, F. M. Petty, P. Cooper, Lillian, C. J. Warden, The Pelhams, Old Mancunian, B. Alder, R. C. Hart-Davis, Rev. E. P. Gatty, J. Chambers, and Cabbage.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG:—M. A. S. McFarlane, Hanworth, Mrs. Smith Spark, D. L., Jeff, R. H. Keate, Rho Kappa, C. H. Burton, Gunton, Quis, Mutat, Nellie Parker, Jonel, Malvolio, Still Waters, Albert E. K. Wherry, Puss, W. Sydney Price, and East Sheen. All others more.

C. E. P., P. COOPER, AND RHO KAPPA.—Acknowledged last week.

ST. IVES.—I did not accept Arson; it is not often practised, I hope; Adulteration is surely very much more frequent. Sætiger is scarcely an English word, and the wild boar is bristly rather than shaggy. (Setiger, I find, is used for a kind of hairy worm.) "Our" may have a restricted or a very extended meaning. Satyrs were supposed to haunt woods in general. Wordsworth did not conceive of Proteus and Triton as confined to the Mediterranean, but imagined them rising on our English coasts.

S. J. D., IAGO, AND MARTHA.—See above. Sanglier is a heraldic term. In my acrostics "the myths and parables of the primal years" are treated as if they were facts.



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## Company Meeting

BANK OF LIVERPOOL &  
MARTINS LIMITED.

## NINETY-THIRD ANNUAL MEETING.

THE NINETY-THIRD ANNUAL MEETING of Shareholders of the Bank of Liverpool & Martins Limited was held at Liverpool, on Tuesday last, Mr. W. R. Glazebrook, the Chairman, presiding over a large attendance.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the Report and Accounts, referred to the loss sustained during the past year by the death of Mr. Edward Norman and Mr. E. L. Somers Cocks. The former was Chairman of Martins Bank at the time of its amalgamation with the Bank of Liverpool, and was subsequently Chairman of the London Board of the combined Banks until his death. Mr. Cocks, a partner in the old-established banking firm of Cocks, Biddulph & Company, became a Director on the London Board when that firm was amalgamated with the Bank of Liverpool & Martins Limited in 1919, and Senior Manager of the combined business.

The Chairman also referred to the resignation, through ill-health, of Sir James Hope Simpson from the position of General Manager of the Bank. It had been hoped that a long rest and careful medical treatment would have resulted in Sir James being able to resume his duties, but this hope was not fulfilled, and Sir James' resignation was received with profound regret. Sir James had done great work for the Bank in the twenty years during which he had occupied the position of General Manager. The Bank had made great strides, and, by amalgamation with other banks and the opening of branches, had largely extended its sphere of operations. In 1903, when Sir James became General Manager, the total assets were slightly over £13,000,000, and the number of Branches was 82. The Report now before the meeting showed total assets over £76,000,000, and the number of Branches 355. This development and the high position which the Bank occupied amongst the financial institutions of the country were due in large measure to Sir James' ability and able guidance. Sir James continued a Director on the General Board and on the London Board, and could still be consulted when occasion arose. Mr. T. Fisher Caldwell had been appointed General Manager in succession to Sir James, and the Directors had every confidence in making the appointment. Mr. Caldwell had also been elected to a seat on the London Board.

Referring to the events of the year, the Chairman said the acquisition of the business of the Cattle Trade Bank—acquired as from the 1st of July last—should prove a useful and profitable adjunct. During the year 20 Branches and Sub-Branchees had been opened, and sites for other offices had been acquired.

The profits for the year, after deducting general expenses and making all usual provisions, amounted to £486,965, which was £17,837 less than those of the previous year. The reduction was accounted for chiefly by the fact that profit-earning had been adversely affected by low money rates and less satisfactory conditions of trade. The figure named, added to the sum of £126,099, brought forward from 1922 Account, made a disposable balance of £613,064. Out of this £100,000 had been allocated to the Bank's Reserve Fund, bringing that Fund up to £1,600,000, £375,822 to the payment of the usual dividends, and £137,242 was carried forward to next Account.

Dealing with items in the Balance Sheet, the Chairman said investments showed a reduction of over two millions, accounted for by sales during the year. The profit on these sales had not been brought into the profits of the year, but had been utilised to further strengthen the internal position. He was sure shareholders would agree that this course was a wise one, and that while times were so unsettled it was the right policy for the Directors to continue to build up the Bank's reserves.

Owing to the suspension of building operations during the war and following years, various schemes for enlarging and improving the Branch premises and for building new premises had necessarily to be postponed. Consequently they now had an unusually large programme before them, which included the erection of a new Head Office building in Liverpool. It was also proposed to erect an important building in Leeds and to transfer to Leeds the administration of the Branches in the Halifax district.

Monetary conditions during the past year did not present any striking features. Foreign Exchanges had remained in a very unsettled condition, and the alarming depreciation of the chief Continental currencies had made it extremely difficult for manufacturers in this country to obtain buyers for their goods in European centres. The value of sterling in America had fallen heavily since February, one of the contributing factors having been the transfer to New York by Continental countries of balances in London, owing largely to unfounded talk of inflation of our currency, and also it was believed to a feeling of uncertainty as to political developments in this country. The depreciation in the value of the £ in terms of dollars was a serious consideration because of the heavy percentage it added to the cost of this country's necessary purchases from America and to our payments in respect of War Debt.

Reviewing trade conditions, the Chairman said these had improved during the year, but the extent of the improvement was disappointing, and hopes entertained at the beginning of the year had not been fulfilled. The Board of Trade returns, however, showed a considerable expansion in Overseas trade, both in imports and exports, and further evidence of improvement was the welcome reduction in the number of unemployed. There was good hope that from the engineering and other schemes which had been put in hand, and others still to be undertaken, further reductions would be made in the ranks of the unemployed.

Some of our principal trades had again passed through a period of great depression, notably the cotton trade, which with its numerous allied industries was of paramount importance to Lancashire. Social and political unrest, lack of world purchasing power, adverse foreign exchanges, and depreciated currencies had all combined to aggravate the position. In addition, the year had been one of considerable difficulty for the importation of raw cotton from the United States. Short supplies, as a result of American crop failures, caused not only violent daily fluctuations, but wide variations over longer periods. Frequent days of excited markets and fluctuations of over a penny per pound had brought actual business nearly to a standstill. Owing to the partial failure of the American crop, Egyptian cotton had also experienced wide fluctuations, but mills spinning Egyptian cotton had had a profitable year.

It was instructive to note that while in 1913 America, France, India, Japan and China had an aggregate spindleage of 13 per cent. below that of the United Kingdom, they now had a preponderance over it of about 9 per cent. A great many of these spindles were engaged on coarse counts, which under present conditions satisfied the needs of impoverished peoples to an increasing extent. As soon, however, as conditions in foreign countries began to ameliorate, there would inevitably be a steadier demand for the production of finer goods, in which this country excelled, and it was significant to note that our exports of fancy cloths and specialities to the American Continent had shown a considerable increase despite the Fordney Tariffs. It was of the greatest importance that increased sources of supply of raw cotton should be opened up so that the industry should not be dependent on the success or failure of the American crop, and it was satisfactory to know that efforts were being made to increase the production of Empire grown cotton. Other branches of the cotton trade, such as bleaching, dyeing, and finishing, continued to make good profits.

The Chairman continued: The other great Textile industry, viz., the Wool Textile industry, has had a satisfactory year, although the expectations held at the beginning of the year were not realised to the extent anticipated. The French occupation of the Ruhr and the collapse of the German Mark, together with the continued depreciation in other European currencies, hindered development of the industry in this country. These circumstances, however, did not curtail operations by our Belgian and French competitors, who, as a result of their lower conversion costs and depreciated currencies, have been able to sell yarns and pieces at considerably lower prices than British producers.

Raw material has been the dominating feature, and at the close of the year there was a strong tone and firm prices in all markets, both in this country and at the sources of supply. The outstanding feature has been the remarkable increase in the

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demand for crossbred wools, which had been practically neglected since the slump in 1920.

At the close of the year there was a considerable improvement in the demand for Yarns, and there is also more encouraging news with regard to the Piece Goods trade. Both on home and export account more business is being done, principally in fabrics made from crossbred wools, and the year closed with looms in the Bradford district better employed than at any time during the past twelve months. The present year opened with great confidence and a general disposition to take a cheerful view of the prospects for 1924.

The Coal trade has been one of the few bright spots in British industry during the year. The activity in this trade was due to a large extent to unusual conditions, viz., the French occupation of the Ruhr, which brought about an abnormal demand for British coal. It is satisfactory to be able to record that the output of coal for 1923 exceeded that of 1913, which is regarded as a record year. The prospect for 1924 appears to be good, so far as demand is concerned, but the achievements of 1923 were secured in a large measure by freedom from strikes and disputes, and the outlook for 1924 is marred by the notice given by miners to terminate the present wages agreement.

In the Iron and Steel industries the acute depression in the shipbuilding industry, emphasised by the boilermakers' dispute, seriously affected demand. The latter part of the year, however, brought improvement. With the announcement of various Government schemes and the placing of large contracts on behalf of the railways and others, coupled with the termination of the boilermakers' strike, the prospects at the beginning of the new year are distinctly good, and the latest production and export figures are encouraging.

In Shipping, the state of depression which existed in the previous two years continued in 1923, and the value of tonnage suffered further depreciation. This is a natural consequence of the present unsatisfactory condition of international commerce and of the large increase in the amount of tonnage available as compared with pre-war years. Less tonnage, however, is laid up idle than was the case a year ago, and a considerable number of old vessels have been sold for breaking-up purposes.

The depression in shipping was reflected in the shipbuilding and engineering industry, which has passed through one of the worst periods in its history. The outlook for 1924 is reported to be better.

Continuing his review, the Chairman said textile machinists had again had a not unprofitable year. In the grain trade international supplies of wheat had been large, and as a consequence prices steadily declined until the last few months of the year, when an upward reaction took place. Trade had been of moderate volume and the results not very satisfactory. The timber trade had shown a distinct improvement in 1923, and prices generally were maintained. The building programme of the railway companies and the more healthy signs in the shipbuilding industry had helped, and the new year brought more tangible promise than had been evident for the past three years. From the farmers' point of view the year has been one of difficulty and disappointment, and it closed with the worst outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease known for more than a generation. Compensation had been paid promptly and on a not ungenerous scale, but the loss of income to the farmer until he was able to re-stock must be a great strain on his resources. Nevertheless, a note of optimism as to the future was the fact that in some districts, particularly in the North, there was a demand for farms at higher rents, and the price of land and farms generally continued good.

The Chairman continued: In former years it has been customary, and usually possible, following a review of this kind, to give some indication of the prospects for the coming year. To-day, with the uncertain outlook at home and the continued chaotic conditions abroad, it would be rash to attempt a forecast. There is, however, one feature in a most intricate and difficult position which to me stands out pre-eminently, and that is that there can be no great and permanent improvement in trade until there is stability in exchanges which will enable us to export freely. A distinct hope that events are moving in this direction is aroused by the rapid recovery which Austria is making commercially and financially as a result of the reforms inaugurated under the auspices of the League of Nations. Out of a state of chaos and despair the country is becoming prosperous, and its people industrious and hopeful; its currency is becoming stabilized, and the expectation that the National Budget would be made to balance in 1924 seems possible of realization. The experiment on similar lines about to be made in the case of Hungary appears to have good prospects of achieving equal success.

Other countries are watching these experiments, and it is perhaps not too much to hope that we have here the small beginnings which will lead to a return to sound financial principles by the larger European countries. Good results may also be looked for from the labours of the Committees now sitting in Paris to investigate the financial condition and resources of Germany.

The outstanding feature in national finance during the past year has been the funding of our huge war debt to America. There is no doubt that the prompt settlement of this matter, although placing an enormous additional burden on an already overtaxed people has had a beneficial effect, not only in increasing the friendly relations which exist between the two nations, but also in greatly enhancing the credit of this country.

Had all European countries which were crippled by the war made the same efforts to rehabilitate themselves as this country has done, and as heavy sacrifices to meet their obligations, I feel sure the difficulties which still confront us and which retard the re-establishment of international amity and world trade would have long since disappeared.

Before concluding, I desire to express the Directors' appreciation of the loyal and efficient services rendered by the Staff. Their good work during the year has largely contributed to the results we are able to place before you to-day.

Mr. Robert M. Holland-Martin, one of the Deputy-Chairmen and Chairman of the London Board, in seconding the adoption of the Report, paid a very high tribute to the work of Sir James Hope Simpson, not only on behalf of this Bank, but of banking generally. His opinions were always sought by London bankers on financial affairs and by the Treasury, especially during the difficult war years.

The motion was carried.

On the motion of Mr. E. C. Thin, seconded by Mr. J. E. Gordon, Sir Aubrey Brocklebank, Bart., Mr. Walter Lees, Mr. T. Henry Morris, C.B.E., and Mr. J. Arthur Slingsby were re-appointed Directors of the Bank.

Mr. T. Fisher Caldwell, General Manager, responding to a vote of thanks to the Directors, Committee of Management, General Manager, and other Officers for their services during the year, passed on the motion of Mr. J. E. Tinne, seconded by Mr. R. T. Cunningham, said it was encouraging to know that after a year's work their efforts were appreciated by the shareholders. It would be regarded with as great satisfaction by the Staff as it was by the Directors and himself. The outstanding event of the year so far as the personnel of the Staff was concerned had been the retirement of Sir James Hope Simpson, the relationship with whom was such as was usually not found in business affairs. For himself Mr. Fisher Caldwell thanked the Directors for the support and assistance given him, and the Staff for their efficient co-operation, which relieved the Management of a great deal of its burden.

The meeting terminated with a cordial vote of thanks to the Chairman.

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Authorized Capital ... .. £45,200,000  
 Subscribed Capital ... .. 38,117,103

**LIABILITIES**  
 Paid-up Capital ... .. £10,860,852  
 Reserve Fund ... .. 10,860,852  
 Current, Deposit & other Accounts (in-  
 cluding Profit Balance) ... .. 361,822,336  
 Acceptances and Engagements ... .. 36,552,607

**ASSETS**  
 Coin, Notes & Balances with Bank of  
 England ... .. 54,298,126  
 Balances with, and Cheques in course of  
 Collection on other Banks in Great  
 Britain and Ireland ... .. 14,959,762  
 Money at Call & Short Notice ... .. 16,187,565  
 Investments ... .. 41,890,168  
 Bills Discounted ... .. 58,418,748  
 Advances to Customers & other Accounts  
 Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances  
 & Engagements ... .. 36,552,607  
 Bank Premises ... .. 5,492,249  
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 Ltd. & The Clydesdale Bank Ltd. ... .. 3,259,690  
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EDITED BY L. J. MAXSE

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#### The Kindred Fallacies : Free Trade and Socialism

By the Rt. Hon. L. S. AMERY, M.P.

#### An Inside View of India

By AN INDIAN DISTRICT OFFICER

#### The ex-Schoolmaster Abroad

By SIR ARTHUR HORT, BART.

#### A Hertfordshire Witch

By the Rev. ALEXANDER MACRAE

#### The Prize Court : A Retrospect

By E. S. ROSCOE

#### Architectural Mine-sweeping

By CLOUGH WILLIAMS-ELLIS and A. WILLIAMS-ELLIS

#### Port Hunting

By FITZURSE

#### Told in a Pele Tower

By HOWARD PEASE

#### Squash Rackets

By E. B. NOEL

#### The Revival of Poland

By ETIENNE DE KLECZKOWSKI

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